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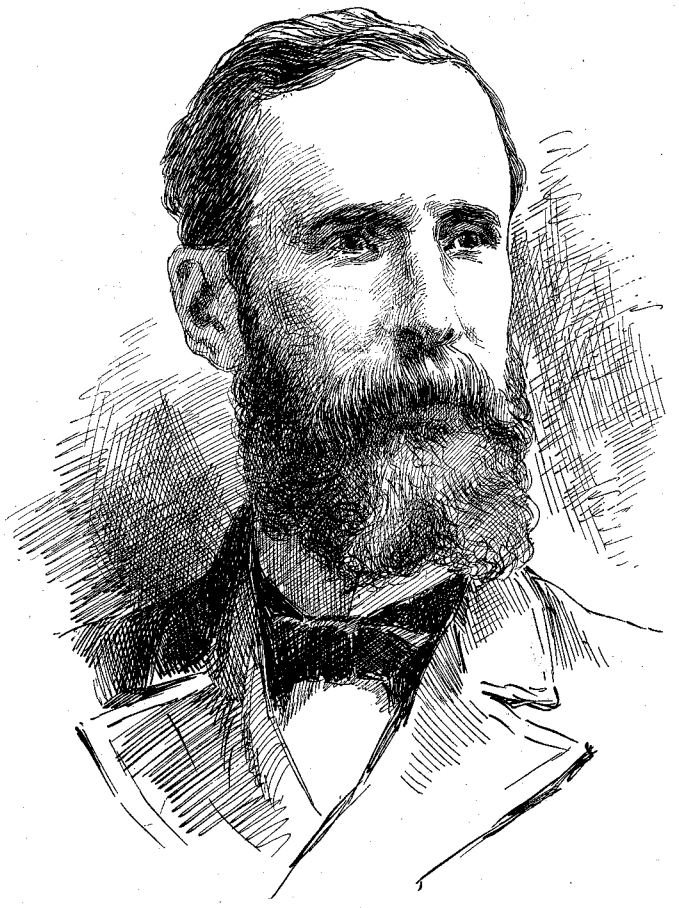

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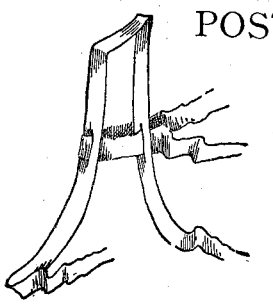

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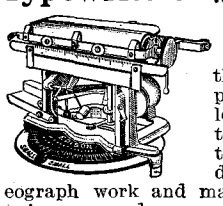

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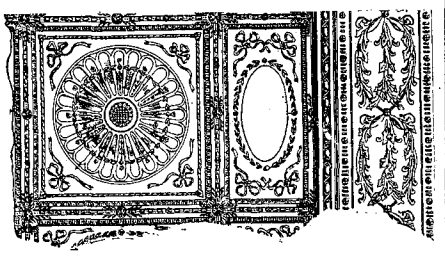

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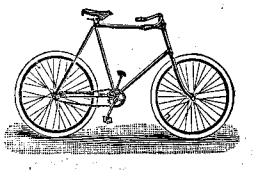

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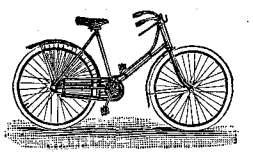

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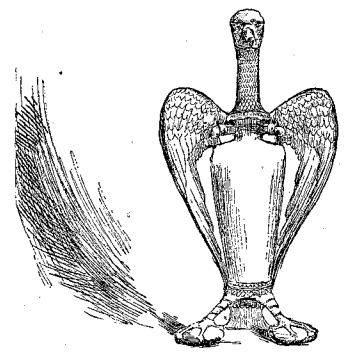

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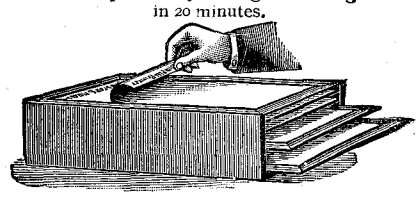

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 49 For Week ending 2 June, 1894 Number 22

The Week

THE thirty-second French Ministry since the establishment of the present Republic resigned on Wednesday of last week, in consequence of an adverse majority of forty in the Chamber of Deputies. On the question as to whether employees on the State railroads should be permitted to attend a meeting of the Railway Workingmen's Federation, M. Jonnart, the Minister of Public Works, took the opportunity of making a speech which seems to have been sound enough and true enough, but which was peculiarly offensive in tone and distinctly lacking in tact. The Extreme Left, consisting of the Radicals and the Socialists, were infuriated, and made a sweeping attack on the Ministry. There was instantly great excitement, and the Prime Minister, instead of allaying it, or attempting in any way to explain the position of the Government, demanded the order of the day, and the demand was rejected by a vote of 265 to 225. The Premier is reported to have turned a smiling face to his colleagues when the vote was announced, and to have left the Chamber apparently in a very cheerful frame of mind. It is generally suspected that M. Casimir-Périer was "riding for a fall," as the phrase runs, and that he made use of an unexpected opportunity to get out of power at a time when he wished to be free from its responsibilities; for the late Premier aspires to the Presidency, and wishes to escape the embarrassments which beset a Prime Minister with such aspirations; while, on the other hand, many of the Deputies were anxious to defeat these aspirations by throwing the Minister out of power. This result was effected by a combination of the Extreme Left and the Extreme Right, the Radicals and Socialists voting with the Conservatives to effect another overthrow of an Opportunist or Moderate Republican Ministry. The late Prime Minister is a very able man, but a man of arbitrary temper, and lacking the gift of conciliation. Like his grandfather, who was Premier under Louis Philippe, he is disposed to be autocratic in his methods, and has thus made enemies who were glad of an opportunity of paying off old scores. The situation is, however, so complicated by the approaching Presidential election that it is impossible at this distance, as indeed it seems in Paris, to get at the secret of the recent defeat. As we go to press, M. Dupuy is endeavoring to form a new Ministry.

❀

The English Ministry has weathered another week and passed another crisis, not only with safety, but with an apparent gain of strength. There was a strong Conservative hope, and there was apparently a good deal of Liberal apprehension, that the Ministry would come to final defeat in the House of Commons last Thursday night on the Budget; instead of which the Opposition displayed a sudden and unexpected weakness, and the Ministry a sudden and unexpected strength. The increase of the Government majority to forty-five was due to the fact that some of the Liberal-Unionists refused to follow the Tory lead in unqualified antagonism to the Budget, and voted with the Liberals. Some of the Welsh members who have been standing out against the Ministry of late have returned to the Liberal camp; while a split among the Parnellites, who are now called Redmondites, has brought several of that group over to the Government side. All of these various rivulets have swollen the Government majority to such a point that it looks now as if the Budget were out of danger. In consequence, dissolution appears less imminent, and the tension of feeling in London is much relaxed. It is still said, however, that a dissolution in July is on the Ministerial programme. The advance of democratic ideas has had no more striking illustration than the fact that Lord Rosebery has been endeavoring to secure a representative of the laboring men in the Cabinet, and that he has made overtures to Mr. John Burns, who is said to have declined the offer. If the Liberals carry the next election, it is taken for granted that there will be at least two labor representatives in the Government.

❀

May has passed without any uprising against the English in India, but the situation in that country is regarded as serious by a large number of Englishmen. The English Government in India has been, for the most part, capable, honest, and competent. It has been, however, frightfully expensive, and it has disclosed that lack of sympathy which is one of the weaknesses of the English mind in dealing with other nations. The majority of Englishmen who have to do with the Hindus know probably as little about them as did the first English rulers in that country. The Hindus, like all other Orientals, are extremely sensitive at certain points, and it is on these very points that the English sometimes exert an eminently unwise pressure. Orientals are likely to interpret as tyrannous, interference with comparatively unimportant matters, and of this kind of interference the English rulers in India have often been guilty. The real dissatisfaction, however, arises primarily from the terrible industrial condition of the people, largely caused by the short-sighted traditional policy of treating a dependency as if its chief function were to feed the revenues of the Home Government. Almost universal poverty, a heavy taxation, and the miseries of a depreciated currency would make a far more peaceful people than the Hindus seditious. In view of the fact that the English have but 76,000 troops in India to hold in subjection a population of 250,000,000, the freedom of the press which is allowed in that country is certainly courageous, and that press has been for a long time past criticising the English Government with a freedom and passion which could hardly fail to stir up the people.

❀

The coal strike has become each day more serious. Nowhere, except in Tennessee, have the miners returned to

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work, while in most districts the number of strikers has increased. At the beginning of this week the President of the Miners' Union claimed that 178,000 miners were on strike, and only 12,000 at work. This claim appears to have been substantially correct. The increase in the number of strikers, however, has not been entirely voluntary. For a fortnight past striking miners have marched in bodies upon mines in operation and called upon the men to quit. These bodies of miners, in Indiana, Illinois, and Pennsylvania, have not only threatened violence, but, according to the dispatches, have actually resorted to it. In certain mining districts in Illinois and Indiana they are reported to have established a mob law that no coal should be hauled over the railroads. Governor Altgelt has rightly called out several companies of militia to restore order. In Pennsylvania there was a conflict between the miners and the deputy sheriffs, in which half a dozen men—all miners—were killed and many were wounded. The coroner's jury found that the killing was in self-defense, but the miners have demanded that another jury investigate the conflict. Governor Pattison has visited the mining region and used his influence to secure order. In Alabama and Colorado, as well as in Illinois, the militia has been called out. The strike in Alabama is only indirectly connected with that in the North, and that in Colorado is entirely disconnected. In Alabama the miners struck many weeks ago against a twenty per cent. cut in wages. All mines were closed except those employing convicts. When the operators began to introduce gangs of negroes to take the strikers' places, disorders began, and show no signs of disappearing, except that the resort to terrorism has alienated some of the public sympathy which at first was so strongly on the side of the men. In Colorado the disorders have been at Cripple Creek, the new gold-mining camp. The conflict began as a lockout, the employers demanding nine hours' work instead of eight for the $3 a day paid the men. Sunday it was reported that the destruction of one of the mines had been attempted. Governor Waite called out the militia, not only to prevent violence on the part of the strikers, but to disperse the armed bodies from other counties who had come to the aid of the operators. Altogether, the industrial situation to-day is more threatening than at any previous time in the history of this country. Indeed, it closely resembles that in Europe during the years of unprecedentedly low prices which followed the panic of 1847.

❀

The Senate Investigating Committee has reported that Major Buttz, of North Dakota, was guilty of offering bribes to Senators Hunton and Kyle for votes against the Tariff Bill, but that there was no evidence of the existence of the very large fund which Major Buttz claimed to have behind him for the defeat of the measure. The correspondent of the Philadelphia "Press," who was authority for the report that Secretary Carlisle had dictated the new sugar schedules, refused to give his own authority for the highly sensational accusation. It is feared that he cannot be compelled to give the testimony demanded. Secretary Carlisle has not been summoned before the Committee. In the Senate the chief event of the week was the test vote, taken on a motion offered by Senator Teller, that the Tariff Bill be laid upon the table. The three Populists voted with the Democrats against this motion. The Treasury experts have completed their calculations of the *ad valorem* duties levied under the new Senate bill as compared with the House bill and the present law. According to these estimates, the Senate rates are actually a little lower than the House rates in the schedules of chemicals, metals, and sundries. Taken as a whole, the rates in the Senate bill average 36¾ per cent., as against 35½ for the House bill and 49½ for the present law.

❀

The most important political convention last week was that of the Republicans of Pennsylvania, which nominated General D. H. Hastings—a universally satisfactory candidate for Governor—and readopted the currency plank upon which the State was carried for ex-Congressman Grow by nearly 200,000 majority. This plank is worthy of some notice. It favors at the same time more inflation than Senator Cameron supported when he voted for the free coinage of silver, and more contraction than Senator Quay supported when he voted for the repeal of the Sherman Law. It demands the expansion of our currency until it shall amount to $40 per capita, and it demands the accumulation of a largely increased gold reserve. The first of these propositions would add $900,000,000 to our currency, and so inflate prices; while the second would increase the demand for gold, and so depress prices. Both Senators, therefore, may feel that they are enthusiastically indorsed. On the whole, however, it was an inflation programme, and indicates that Senator Quay's inconsistent vote in favor of coining the seigniorage was in response to a strong sentiment among his constituents against contraction. Second in importance to this Convention of Pennsylvania Republicans was that of the Alabama Democrats, which nominated Congressman Oates for Governor. Mr. Oates has supported the financial policy of President Cleveland, except as to the coining of the seigniorage. The Convention adopted a resolution indorsing "the wisdom and patriotism" of President Cleveland's administration, but expressing a unanimous belief in the "free coinage of silver whenever it can be done consistently with the maintenance of a sound and safe currency." The anti-Cleveland wing of the party made a hard fight for the nomination of a candidate pledged to free coinage at the present ratio, but obtained nothing except the indorsement of Senator Morgan for another term in the Senate. Some members of this wing predict that Captain Kolb, the Populist candidate, will carry the State. This seems unlikely, however, especially as Kolb is a protectionist, while most of the free-coinage farmers are also strong supporters of free trade.

❀

The Massachusetts House of Representatives has passed to a second reading a bill authorizing any town to establish the Norwegian, or Gothenburg, system of dealing with the liquor traffic. The bill provides that on petition of a certain number of voters any city or town must submit the following question at the annual election at which its license policy is determined: "If licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquor are granted in this city (or town), shall they be granted under the Norwegian system?" The voters of every town have still the option of prohibiting any issue of licenses. But, in case they decide both in favor of license and also in favor of the Norwegian system, the law provides that all licenses shall be issued to a single corporation, the dividends of which are limited to five per cent. on the par value of the stock. This corporation is permitted to accumulate a reserve equal to the par value of the stock, and thereafter is permitted to determine to what charities its surplus profits shall be devoted. The number of saloons in cities is limited to one for every two thousand people—in other words, to about one-half their present number—and each saloon is to be in charge of a salaried manager. As compared with the present high-license system, there would be a lessening of the number of saloons, and a

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lessening of the incentive of private profit to increase sales. The element of private profit is not, however, eliminated; for, although Massachusetts, better than any other State, keeps its corporations from issuing stock in excess of capital actually invested, nevertheless the fact that the proposed companies can declare five per cent. dividends on an investment almost as secure as Government bonds, and accumulate surplus profits equal to their capital stock, makes the investment an attractive one for idle capital. As compared with the recent South Carolina system, the proposed Norwegian plan neither prohibits the sale of liquor to be drunk on the premises nor prohibits its sale at night. It is not, therefore, to be regarded as an important step in advance. Mr. Thomas Moran, in an article in the "Charities Review," says that in Sweden the Gothenburg system came to be regarded as a means of revenue rather than of reform. There is danger that the same criticism will apply to the proposed system in Massachusetts. It is true that the law provides that the surplus profits, as in Norway, shall be devoted to charitable purposes not now supported by taxation. Yet the receipt of a large revenue for charities from the liquor traffic will make its suppression as difficult as the receipt of such revenue from lotteries has made their suppression difficult. Temperance reformers must be careful not to take a supposed first step in advance if the taking of this first step will hinder them in their further march. Unless the sale of liquor to be drunk on the premises can be prohibited to the proposed companies, we do not believe that temperance reformers ought to sanction their formation.

❀

The inheritance-tax measure before the Massachusetts Legislature is hardly what the voters had a right to expect when both political parties pledged themselves in its favor. The rate proposed for direct inheritances is one per cent., and all real estate is exempt, as well as all estates valued at less than $10,000. This last exemption is sound enough, since the income from $10,000 is certainly no more than is needed to support a widow or provide for the education of the children. But the tax proposed upon such estates as are admittedly in excess of the demands of the comfort, culture, or character of the inheritors is justly criticised for its timidity by the Springfield "Republican," which contrasts it with the following rates proposed in the new British Budget:

Estates valued at:	Tax.
From $500 to $2,500	1 per cent.
From $2,500 to $5,000	2 per cent.
From $5,000 to $50,000	3 per cent.
From $50,000 to $250,000	4 per cent.
From $250,000 to $500,000	4½ to 5½ per cent.
From $500,000 to $5,000,000	6 to 7½ per cent.
Above $5,000,000	8 per cent.

The rates in force in the Australian Colonies, as Sir William Harcourt pointed out in his Budget speech, are still more progressive than those proposed in Great Britain, and even the conservative English provinces in Canada have made the tax upon hurtfully large inheritances four times as heavy as that proposed in Massachusetts. It seems singular that these members of Greater Britain should have gone further than the United States in limiting the extent to which industrial power shall be hereditary. The protest of the Springfield "Republican" against the "timid and frail" proposition before the Massachusetts Legislature, though guarded, is, nevertheless, significant of the rapidly growing public sentiment which Dr. West's monograph on "The Inheritance Tax" and Professor Seligman's on "Progressive Taxation" are bringing to the attention of the scientific world.

❀

The New York Chamber of Commerce Rapid Transit Bill, with the referendum clause of the Trades-Union Bill incorporated, is now law. Governor Flower, in his statement of his reasons for signing the measure, points out that the powers given to the new Commissioners to contract, not only for a thirty-five years' lease of the new system, but for indefinite renewals of this lease, is a dangerous power; yet he urges very justly that the character of the Commissioners named, including such men as President Low, John H. Starin, and William Steinway, is sufficient guarantee that these powers will not be abused. Indeed, we can rely upon some of these men to stand firmly for the principle that the great public franchise involved shall remain the property of the public, to the end that it may confer the greatest possible public benefit rather than the greatest possible private profit. The only danger at this point is that the successors of these Commissioners may not be equally public-spirited. The objection to the new law, that it violates the State Constitution by providing that the proceeds of the city's bonds shall be loaned for thirty-five years to a private corporation, Governor Flower answers by urging that, inasmuch as the city is ultimately to own the road, it really issues its bonds to pay for the construction. This, of course, is a legal question, and, judging from the expressions of Mayor Gilroy, representing Tammany Hall, and Mr. Russell Sage, representing the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company, the courts are likely to be called upon to determine it. The portion of the bill to which the most objection has been raised in some quarters, the clause requiring a vote of the people before any contract is made, Governor Flower commends as not only constitutional but eminently sound. The question of municipal ownership or private ownership of the system which is to carry the people of New York City from their work to their homes is one that profoundly concerns them all, and in no way concerns the people of the rest of the State. It is, therefore, right that the voters of the city should determine it. Any other course would be inconsistent with the principle of local self-government; any other course would also be inconsistent with the principle of popular self-government.

❀

From present appearances it is probable that the New York Constitutional Convention will need for its work all of the five months to which it is limited by law. The amendments and resolutions already introduced are numbered by the score, and the progress thus far made is small. Twenty-seven committees have been named. Among the most important are these: On the Judiciary (Elihu Root, Chairman); on Finances and Taxation (M. M. Acker, Chairman); on Corporations (C. A. Hawley, Chairman); on Suffrage (W. P. Goodelle, Chairman); on Cities (J. Johnson, Chairman); on Legislative Powers (C. P. Vedder, Chairman); on Railroads (J. C. Davies, Chairman). We believe that all the Chairmen of Committees are Republicans, as well as all the executive officers of the Convention. This organization on a political basis is not unnatural or without precedent. The hostile comment upon it from Democrats, as well as that upon the fact that the rules adopted give the political majority pretty sweeping power, would not have been so outspoken if it were not for some phrases in President Choate's opening address which had a non-partisan sound. It is safe to say that, were the other political party in a majority, precisely the same kind of organization (with a reversal of the partisanship) would

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have been made. Thus far Mr. Choate has proved a most acceptable and capable presiding officer. The subjects which are expected to produce the warmest discussion, and which are most likely to result in amendments being framed for action by the people, are: universal suffrage, biennial legislative sessions, uniformity in city charters, the abolishing of State appropriations for sectarian schools, apportionment and taxation. Of these subjects, much the most prominent the past week has been that relating to the movement in favor of woman's suffrage. On Thursday Miss Susan B. Anthony made a plea before the Committee on Suffrage which was listened to with keen interest. Petitions signed by over 180,000 persons in favor of woman's suffrage were presented during the week; while, on the other hand, Mr. Johnson presented a volume containing the names of 6,000 or more women of Kings County who are opposed to the measure, and other similar petitions were laid before the Committee.

❀

The investigation of the New York City Police Department continued last week before the Lexow Committee, with some sensational features, but without as yet reaching much that is definite and conclusive. Commissioner McClave submitted to a long and minute examination, the chief object of which seemed to be to prove a suspicious increase in his personal property since taking office. His defense was, first, that there was no such increase, and, secondly, that, if there were, it was not extraordinary, as he had been doing a lumber business amounting to several hundreds of thousands of dollars a year—two defenses not exactly consistent, but both difficult to disprove. Mr. McClave's son-in-law, Granger, swore directly that he had paid money to Mr. McClave's clerk to procure appointments to the police force, but as Granger did not dare to come before the Committee for cross-examination, and as Mr. McClave's statement that Granger was a confessed forger, thief, and swindler, whom he had tried for years to reclaim, was supported by strong evidence, while Granger's implication of two or three well-known men was promptly denied under oath by these men, the total effect of his "disclosures" was practically nothing. The rest of the testimony taken was singularly weak—an hour or more, for instance, was consumed in inducing an old Irish woman, mother of two police officers, to swear that she did not pay anything to bring about their appointment. Every one interested in good government is hoping for a thorough investigation of all suspicious points in our municipal affairs, and we must not be impatient if the results thus far seem rather disappointing. The difficulty of obtaining honest and truthful witnesses who have personal knowledge of corrupt transactions is, naturally, very great.

❀

The Hon. Carroll D. Wright—whose continuance at the head of the National Labor Bureau is matter for public congratulation—has made Building and Loan Associations the subject of this year's report. These savings associations are now established in every State in the Union. Pennsylvania comes first, with over one thousand associations; Ohio second, with over seven hundred; and then in close succession follow Illinois, Indiana, New York, and Missouri. Even in the South these co-operative organizations have gained more than a foothold in all the States, being relatively stronger there than in New England. This, of course, is not due to the greater strength of the co-operative spirit among the people, but to the fact that in New England the savings banks—which are essentially co-operative—supply the need which has occasioned the rapid spread of building and loan associations in other parts of the country. Of the six thousand associations in the country less than five hundred are more than fifteen years old. Yet the assets now aggregate $450,000,000, and the Commissioner estimates that probably four hundred thousand homes have been built with the aid of these associations. This is a triumph of co-operation comparable with what has been achieved by the famous societies of Great Britain.

❀

Everything connected with naval warfare is of intense interest, because in that field everything, both as regards construction, armament, and method, is in an experimental stage. In spite of the fact that enormous fleets of modern armed vessels have been built at an immense cost, nobody knows what would happen if a battle were to take place between two such fleets. So far, it is purely a matter of surmise. The fact that two torpedo-boats, the Cushing and the Stiletto, entered Newport Harbor one night not long ago under the full glare of a search-light without being detected, although their approach was expected, is likely, therefore, to attract a good deal of attention, because the torpedo is one of the most important and one of the most uncertain elements in the naval problem. The two torpedo-boats had been repainted in colors different from those which they had borne before, and they entered by an unusual course, and the force at the torpedo station, which was anxiously waiting for them and scanning the entire expanse of waters, failed to detect them. The test is not regarded as decisive, but it was sufficiently so as to raise the whole question of the value of the search-light. If the search-light cannot be trusted, the defense of a squadron against torpedo-boats must lie either in the use of other torpedo-boats or of the protective netting. The probability is that, when the great battle-ships put to sea in time of war, they will be provided with both the netting and a flotilla of torpedo-boats. Thus at every step the expense of naval warfare increases, and increases so rapidly as to raise the hope that, as General Hawley once said of our pension system, it will make war so expensive that it will do away with it altogether.

❀

General News.—The recent earthquakes in Venezuela are now thought to have destroyed several thousand lives; Los Andes is the State that has suffered most severely. ——It is reported that Brazil has accepted the mediation of Great Britain in the dispute with Portugal.——Superintendents, teachers, and other employees of the Indian school service, as well as other friends of Indian education, and educated Indians, are to hold summer institutes and conferences in the interests of Indian education this summer at Chilocco, Oklahoma; Santa Fé, New Mexico; Salem, Oregon; Helena, Montana; and St. Paul, Minnesota. ——Mr. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," has become President of the British Board of Trade. ——Miss Agnes Irwin, of Philadelphia, is to be Dean of Radcliffe College (formerly called the Harvard Annex); Miss Irwin has a very high reputation as a teacher and as a woman of notable scholarly attainments.——Among the deaths of the week must be recorded those of Francis William Bird, of East Walpole, Mass., often called the "Sage of Walpole," at the age of eighty-five; Professor Jerome Allen, a widely known educator and writer on educational subjects, who was the chief mover in establishing the School of Pedagogy of the University of the City of New York; Ernest O. W. Mildner, Professor of German at Princeton; and Professor George J. Romanes, of Oxford, England, the famous writer and lecturer on natural history, physiology, and similar subjects.——The new cruiser Columbia, on her

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deep-sea trial trip last week, made the remarkable record of 18½ knots an hour under natural draught.——The present Provisional Government of Hawaii has secured a good working majority in the Constitutional Convention.——Ex-Justice Kenneth F. Sutherland, of Gravesend, L. I., who fled after his conviction on charges of election fraud, has surrendered himself; eight new indictments, for forgery, have been found against him.——The National Municipal Reform League is holding a meeting in New York this week.——The Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga adjourned on Monday, to meet next year in the Third Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, Pa.

Dr. Henry P. Smith

Our front page contains the portrait of Dr. Henry Preserved Smith, whom accident rather than any conscious purpose of his own has made a National representative of liberty of prophesying in the Presbyterian Church. The circumstances of his trial are so extraordinary as to be well-nigh incredible. They are as follows:

In January, 1891, Dr. Briggs delivered his now famous inaugural address at Union Theological Seminary, on the Authority of the Holy Scripture. In February, before the address had been fully published, a resolution was introduced into the Cincinnati Presbytery, in effect calling on the General Assembly to veto Dr. Briggs's election. Dr. Evans and Dr. Smith, both of them at the time professors in Lane Theological Seminary, prepared papers discussing this resolution, in which they contended that the absolute inerrancy of the Scripture is not a doctrine taught either in Scripture or in the Westminster Assembly's Confession of Faith. Dr. Smith also contributed two articles to the New York "Evangelist" discussing the whole subject of creed subscription and the latitude of belief allowed to one who has subscribed to the Confession. For this discussion of Dr. Briggs's theological positions and his responsibilities under the subscription, published before the General Assembly had passed upon the soundness of Dr. Briggs's views, Dr. Smith has now been condemned as a heretic and excluded from the Presbyterian pulpit. He was not accused of teaching in the Seminary chair doctrines contrary to the Confession, only of defending, before they had been condemned, doctrines whose soundness was on trial before the Court. The advocate is convicted of treason for defending before a tribunal one who has been accused of treason. The practical effect of the trial and conviction of Dr. Henry Preserved Smith is notice to all Presbyterian ministers that when any question arises in that Church, every minister who takes part in the discussion does so at the hazard of being turned out of the ministry for so doing, if, as the result of that discussion, the majority goes against him. This decision, if it be submitted to by the Presbyterian minority, is the end, not merely of freedom of teaching in Presbyterian theological seminaries and freedom of preaching in Presbyterian pulpits, but of freedom of debate in the constitutional judicatories of that Church. Dr. Smith's case differs radically from Dr. Briggs's case in two respects: First, in that he is not accused of holding that the reason and the Church are sources of authority as well as the Bible; and, secondly, in that he is not accused because of any teaching officially and in his ministry, but only of defending, before the courts of the Church, teaching the soundness of which was still under debate in the courts of the Church. It should be added that there is no suggestion that his spirit has been provocative or polemical, or other than kind, courteous, and Christian throughout.

This is the gravamen of our condemnation of the Presbyterian General Assembly. It not only practically endeavors to decide what is truth by a majority vote in a mass-meeting, but it prohibits and punishes free debate exercised in the previous deliberative process. This is wholly un-American; for America decides action by majorities when co-operative action is necessary, but leaves opinion wholly free. This is wholly un-Protestant; for Protestantism teaches that every man has a right to read and study the Bible for himself, and to reach conclusions respecting it without let or hindrance from ecclesiastical courts, ancient or modern. The Presbyterian General Assembly will probably follow up this decision by securing such changes as will give it the control of the Presbyterian seminaries. Then, with power to control the teaching in its seminaries, power to dictate the teaching in the pulpit, and power to silence as a heretic any man who ever, in Presbytery, Synod, or Assembly, ventures to call its doctrines or methods in question for debate, it will have a system of absolutism surpassed only by that of Rome itself.

But to silence men requires more than a system; it requires men who can be silenced. We do not believe that the Presbyterian Church is composed of such men. Whether it is or not we shall soon see. Meanwhile liberty of thought remains in the Episcopal, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and Reformed Churches. And in the Presbyterian Church Dr. Henry Preserved Smith takes his place among the men whom persecution has honored. How bravely yet quietly he has borne himself under this persecution any reader may see by obtaining from A. D. F. Randolph & Co., of New York City, the pamphlet edition of Dr. Smith's "Appeal and Argument."

Municipal Reform

Hope for the future of our American cities is encouraged by the report of the Progress of Municipal Reform in the various cities of the Union, presented by Mr. Clinton R. Woodward on another page. This report is encouraging because it indicates a reform, where it is most needed, in what are called "our best citizens.

It is popular to charge all municipal corruption upon the criminal classes, or the rings and bosses, or the ignorant foreigners. It is convenient to have a scapegoat, and America has improved on Old Testament methods, for it furnishes three. But the real, radical vice is in "our best citizens." Some of them have combined to corrupt the municipality and seize upon its highways, paying a small bribe to the aldermen instead of a fair price for the franchise to the people. Others of them have combined to charge double price for gas of poor quality, as formerly for water with insufficient supply. Still others have winked at municipal corruption because it secured a fund which helped their party in State and National elections. More of them have been simply indifferent and apathetic; they have thought it cheaper to pay extravagant taxes for insufficient accommodation than to give the necessary thought and energy to secure a better administration. There has never been a time when the same ability which has organized and built up the magnificent private enterprises in our country might not have given us municipal administration as efficient, if that ability had been directed in municipal channels. What Mayor Pingree has accomplished for Detroit, what Mayor Low began to do in Brooklyn and Mayor Schieren is doing in Brooklyn, can be

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accomplished in any city whenever the honest citizens care enough for honesty in city government to combine in a moderately vigorous effort to secure it.

The evil in New York City, against which Dr. Parkhurst is endeavoring to arouse the drugged conscience of the citizens, is not the existence of saloons and houses of ill fame; it is the fact that the police, who are employed by the public to suppress these pest-houses, are paid by their proprietors to protect them. They wear the uniform of the public and do the work of the proprietors. And the reason this continues is that the average New Yorker has been comparatively indifferent, so long as his taxes were not too high, his store and house were guarded from burglaries, fire-insurance rates were kept moderate, and his own life and that of his family were safe. The evil in this city is, as we have shown by letters of well-informed correspondents from different localities, duplicated in every one of the great cities of the United States; and the cause is always the same—selfishness, either actively corrupt or passively inert, in high places. Mr. Stead's book, "If Christ Came to Chicago," is somewhat sensational, perhaps exaggerated, certainly one-sided; but in this respect he goes to the root of the matter. And it is—we repeat it—a hopeful sign that the best men in our great cities are beginning to wake up to the National disgrace and the public danger involved in letting all our cities become plague-spots, and are organizing to consider and apply the remedy. Mr. Woodward's article shows that this is not merely a local and spasmodic movement. It is a sign of National repentance, and a spontaneous effort to bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

The Anti-Lottery Battle Half Won

Sooner than we had hoped, the Anti-Lottery Bill has passed the United States Senate. Senator Hoar decided that he could meet the objection urged so persistently by Senators Gorman and Vest, that the law would interfere with church raffles, by striking out the clause referring to the District of Columbia and the Territories. He had examined the law of the District of Columbia, he said, and had found it entirely sufficient to prevent the setting up of a lottery company there. He had not looked into the matter as relating to the Territories, but supposed that each would have its own legislation on the subject. The clause eliminated was not essential to the purpose of the bill, which was to prevent foreign lottery companies from continuing to use the mails and the express to violate the laws of every State in the Union. With this clause struck out, the bill still prohibits the importation of lottery matter into the United States; still prohibits its transportation from one State to another by any means whatever, and directs the Post-Office Department to refuse to deliver any letters whatever to a firm engaged in the outlawed traffic. This last most important provision was incorporated in the bill by Senator Hoar's committee, so that the measure as it passes the Senate is as satisfactory to the anti-lottery petitioners as that which they originally submitted.

The bill is now in such shape that no one can oppose it without making it clear that he is defending the interests of the companies engaged in criminal operations. If the measure, just as it stands, can be brought to a vote in the House before the Tariff Bill is returned from the Senate, the victory is won. The unanimous report in its favor by the Senate Judiciary Committee, its final passage in the Senate by acclamation, and the large number of petitions already received in its favor, give to the measure a prestige which secures favorable action whenever any action is secured.

The only danger is delay. It was for this that Senators Gorman and Vest appeared to be fighting in the Senate. They stood alone, and had not the rules of the Senate enabled them to postpone a vote, the bill need not have been amended at all to meet their objections. In the House there is less danger, if the bill can be reported before the Tariff Bill again gets the right of way. When that happens, nearly everything else will be excluded, in order that Congress may adjourn at the earliest possible day. Now, therefore, is the time for renewed activity. Fortunately, the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee in the House—Mr. Culberson, of Texas—was a supporter of the first anti-lottery law, in the days when the anti-lottery sentiment of the Nation was less pronounced. The Senate bill will probably first be referred to him and his associates on this Committee. His associates are Messrs. Oates (Ala.), Stockdale (Miss.), Goodnight (Ky.), Boatner (La.), Layton (O.), Wolverton (Pa.), Lane (Ill.), Bailey (Tex.), Terry (Ark.), Ray (N. Y.), Powers (Vt.), Broderick (Kan.), W. A. Stone (Pa.), Updegraff (Ia.), and Childs (Ill.). Appeals sent to these men by citizens of their States will be peculiarly timely. But letters and petitions from constituents to every member of the Lower House will be in the highest degree effective. A postal card now, asking your Representative to urge immediate action, will be worth more than a long petition after Congress adjourns. We are glad to note that, while thus far most of the petitions have come from the North, the Methodist Conference just held in Nashville adopted resolutions which have given a decided impetus to the campaign in the South. We ask our readers everywhere to secure the adoption of anti-lottery resolutions by every possible religious, philanthropic, and educational organization with which they are connected. This done, the partial victory may be made complete.

Tammany and Mr. Croker

A friendly critic deprecates our recent paragraph on the withdrawal of Mr. Croker from Tammany as a "virtual commendation by the leading ethical weekly of the country." The paragraph was not so intended; on re-reading, it does not seem to us justly to bear that construction; whether it does or not, we make haste to disavow that interpretation.

But we do not believe in "total depravity" of either men or institutions. If we could think that there was nothing but criminality in Tammany and its members, we should despair of a Republic which allowed its great commercial metropolis to pass under their absolute control. Tammany government has protected life and property in New York City probably as well as it is protected in any city in the Union; it is what Mr. Stead has called it—a "brotherhood;" it is loyal to its members, and they are loyal to it; and its leader has proved his organizing ability and his power to command. But if even more than this were true, if the remarkable eulogy lately pronounced by Governor Flower on Tammany were true, it would not counterbalance the fact that this Society lives by furnishing police protection to the vice which the police ought to suppress, by selling public offices to the highest bidder, and by levying contributions, not only on houses of vice and on office-holders, but on private and honorable citizens, who find it cheaper to pay the contribution than to resist it. What we have said of Mr. Croker is simply what Mr. Bryce, in his

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"American Commonwealth," had previously said of the class: "It must not be supposed that members of Rings, or the great Boss himself, are always wicked men. They are the offspring of a system. Their morality is that of their surroundings. . . . He [the Boss] may be a man of personal integrity."

We have so often repeated our condemnation of Tammany methods that we do not think it necessary to repeat it every time we pen a paragraph on the subject of Tammany. We may add, for the benefit of the "Evening Post," which treats our paragraph as a "thinly veiled apology for Croker," that, in our opinion, a discriminating judgment of Tammany, its methods and its members, pointing out the moral secret of its power and crediting it with the qualities it possesses, while charging it with its radical vices, is a more effective method of campaigning against its corruption than indiscriminating condemnation of the Society and of every one connected with it.

Moods and Mastery

Mastery in any art or craft involves control of its methods and of one's self. The genuine artist is the man who can discern the thing he wishes to do and employ all the resources of his craft to that end. The greatest and most difficult of all the arts is the art of living, and the men and women who master this difficult art are those who comprehend the material with which they work and the methods by which effects are secured, and who control themselves. Those who are the slaves of their prejudices, their passions, or their moods, whatever may be their knowledge of materials and methods of work, are ineffective and unsuccessful. To be the slave of one's mood is to be mastered by conditions, instead of mastering them. It is astonishing how many people form their judgments and do their work, not in the clear light of dispassionate intelligence, but in the half-light of their own feelings. A judgment which is the expression of a mood is absolutely worthless, because it does not deal with the facts. It colors the facts, distorts them, and combines them in an unnatural fashion. It reads into the facts that which the facts do not contain. And yet a large part of the judgments of men are either the expression of their moods or are deeply tinged by their moods. To many of us the world is bright one day and dark the next, simply because of subjective conditions, the actual landscape remaining identical from day to day. This is not true of the masterful man; for the element of mastery is to control one's self and to see things as they are. It is to get rid of one's moods, or at least to hold them in such control that they cease to tinge the judgment. There is no one so difficult to deal with as the man of moods, who is to-day all enthusiasm and to-morrow all despair, who to-day sees nothing but success and to-morrow nothing but failure. In dealing with him one must not only take into account the difficulties of the enterprise, but also the defects of the individual. To see men and women as they are, and the facts of life as they are, one must keep the personal feeling thoroughly in control, and refuse to allow the judgment to be deflected by the irritation of the moment, or by a passing depression. There is nothing so stimulating to others as that steadfastness which sees things with absolute clarity of vision, and deals with them with a calm and persistent strength. The man who possesses qualities introduces the element of stability in a world of change, and represents dispassionate intelligence and clear-sighted judgment in a world of moods and passing emotions.

Editorial Notes

—Congressman Everett kindly explained to the House the other day that, having been accused of incorrectly pronouncing the name of "a peculiar species of teuthidean cephalopod" (namely, the octopus), he wished to state once for all that the proper pronunciation was "cuttlefish." An octopus by any other name is taxed as high.

—Last week, when the motion to strike out the appropriation for the Civil Service Commission was carried in the House of Representatives by a vote of 109 to 71, great cheering followed. Two days later, when the appropriation was put back by a vote of 158 to 80, there was dead silence. The cheering probably expressed the feelings of the House; the second vote probably expressed what the House thinks the country wants. The House is not mistaken.

—Mr. Thomas Niles, the well-known Boston publisher, who died at Perugia, Italy, last week, was a man of great keenness, freshness of mind, and energy. It was his perception of the fresh note in writing which identified so many rising men and women with the publishing house of Roberts Brothers. Mr. Niles had a faculty of discerning fresh talent and of recognizing it in a very generous way. Both as regards substance and form the publications of Roberts Brothers have had a distinctive note.

—We do not find ourselves in entire agreement with some of the opinions of Mr. Oscar Fay Adams in his very interesting article on "American Humor" which appears in another column, but nobody can read his comments on the current newspaper humor of the country without concurring with them. We do not agree with Mr. Adams that Lowell's humor, being literary, is therefore universal and not American. On the contrary, it seems to us that the humor of the "Biglow Papers" is distinctively American, and could not have appeared in any other literature; but it is true that much of the humor of our daily newspapers, if it be American, is a thing to be rid of.

—The seventy-fifth anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday, which fell upon Thursday of last week, was a notable day in the experience of her most illustrious subject, for on the morning of that day the operation on Mr. Gladstone's eyes was performed, with apparently entire success. The heroic old man refused to take anæsthetics, and bore the very painful and delicate operation with unflinching courage. All England, and indeed the whole English-speaking world, were profoundly concerned in the result of this operation upon a man eighty-five years old, and the announcement of its success has carried delight to the countless host who, independent of party lines and political differences, admire a man of indomitable courage and stainless character.

—The dinner given to Admiral Erben and Captain Mahan, of the Chicago, in London last week, was, from every point of view, a brilliant affair. English hospitality has always a very generous note, and the speeches delivered at the dinner form a very attractive contrast to a good deal of the silly anti-English editorial-writing in this country. It is pleasant to note that the three speeches of the occasion seem to have been made by Americans, Admiral Erben captivating his auditors by his simplicity and directness, Captain Mahan by his dignity and cultivated tone, and Mr. Bayard by his eloquence. It has not often fallen to the writer of one country to render such a service to another as Captain Mahan rendered to England in his notable book on "Sea Power." He deserves all the recognition the English will give him.

—There is a perhaps not unnatural delusion in the minds of untraveled Americans that our cities are the only ones which show the phenomena of rapid growth. We are, therefore, glad to note that some timely facts are given such readers by Dr. Shaw in the current "Century." He says that in 1870 New York had nearly 950,000 people, while Berlin had barely 800,000. In 1880 Berlin had outgrown New York, and in 1890 it still maintained the lead, having 1,578,794 people, as against New York's 1,515,301. This is as quick a growth as Chicago's, and twice as quick as Philadelphia's. During the last fifteen years Hamburg has grown three times as fast as Boston and twice as fast as Baltimore, while Leipsic has distanced San Francisco, and has grown much more rapidly than St. Louis. Munich has outstripped Cincinnati, and Cologne Cleveland.

—Our Columbian stamps might have been improved, in size at least, had we the public competition in designs which is in vogue in France. The effigy of Joan of Arc, the popular new patron saint, appears in many of the six hundred designs just sent in for the new set of stamps about to be issued in that country. Speaking of Columbian stamps, the island of Jamaica proposes to issue a set in honor of the fourth centenary of its discovery, commemorated on May 3 of this year. "The Gleaner" of Kingston, the capital, sensibly says: "The stamps will possess a design indicative of the purpose for which they have been issued, and will be in circulation for one year. Stamp-collecting is supposed to impart geographical knowledge to the collector, and probably a multitude of youths—and adults also—would obtain more information about Jamaica from their stamps than they ever did from their schoolmasters."

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The Progress of Municipal Reform

By Clinton R. Woodward

WHAT may be called the "new municipal spirit" is making unprecedented headway throughout the country; scarcely a town of any size or importance in the North, South, East, or West (and especially in the latter) but is bestirring itself to organize for the purpose of eliminating National and State politics from the consideration of municipal affairs, or to secure a higher municipal standard. This activity along these lines is, in many cases, the direct result of the National Conference for Good City Government, held in January last in Philadelphia, called together by the Municipal League of that city, with the indorsement and co-operation of the City Club of New York. This Conference, already passed into history as the "Philadelphia Conference," has also been a great stimulant to already existing organizations.

It is interesting to note some of the organized efforts to secure municipal reform. In Boston, for instance, there is a Citizens' Association and a Municipal League. The former has for its object "to promote an honest, efficient, and economical administration of municipal and county affairs." This Association can take no political action, and confines its efforts to carefully scrutinizing the administration of the several offices, calling attention to defects and exposing corruption and improper methods, as well as advocating legislation which will make permanent any temporary reforms it may achieve. The Municipal League aims to discuss and shape public opinion upon all questions which relate to the proper government of our cities; to separate municipal politics from those of the State and Nation, and to secure the nomination and election of men to office solely with reference to their fitness. To attain these ends the moral forces of the city have been federated into a non-partisan league, which recognizes no differences of race or creed. Religious, philanthropic, business, and civic organizations are all entitled to equal representation. The League has been in existence for only a few months, but gives promise of accomplishing much good. The Association has been in existence some years, and has made a good record. The work in Boston is materially aided along educational lines by the Society for the Promotion of Good Citizenship, of which Edwin D. Mead, editor of the "New England Magazine," is President, and also by the co-operation of the Reform Club, which frequently gives considerable attention to the questions of the municipality.

In New York we find several associations, each aiming to secure better city government. The City Club, with its affiliated Good Government Clubs, comes first; then the City Vigilance League, the City Improvement Society, and the City Reform Club. The City Club has been a power for good, and, if it had nothing else to its credit but the creation and fostering of the Good Government Clubs, would have earned an honorable title. The Club aims to be "persistently, consistently, and impartially anti-bad city government;" to shape and maintain "a generally entertained public opinion vigilantly opposed to dishonesty and incompetency in municipal government; in rendering contemptible that indifference to civic duty, or insensibility of conscience, which permits citizens to overlook maladministration of office until it becomes so unendurable as to make opposition easier than submission."

The City Vigilance League, of which Dr. C. H. Parkhurst is President, is working to quicken among its members an appreciation of their municipal obligations, to acquaint them with existing conditions and the machinery of municipal government. Whatever concerns the interests of the city is made the subject of inquiry and conference. In many of the assembly districts subordinate Leagues have been formed to carry out more effectively the purposes of the parent organization. The League is doing a much needed educational work. It cannot under any circumstances take political action. This the City and Good Government Clubs can and have done, and propose to do to a still greater extent in the future. The City Improvement Society was incorporated in 1892 "to promote the improvement and beautifying of the city, and to assist and *stimulate* the authorities in enforcing the laws relating to such objects." (The italics are my own.)

In Philadelphia there are two organizations—the Citizens' Municipal Association, similar in purpose and method to the Boston Citizens' Association; and the Municipal League, which is a large and growing organization, carrying on an educational and political campaign. The League stands upon a platform calling for the enforcement of the principle "that the highest principles of municipal self-government in the United States will be materially promoted by the absolute separation of municipal from State and National politics." To carry this and the other ideas for which it stands, it is pressing forward the organization of local associations in every ward and division in the city. The Municipal League of Philadelphia has been a stimulus to many similar organizations elsewhere, and its name and principles have been widely followed.

The Baltimore Reform League has had nearly a decade of experience and a long list of successes to its credit, but it still has a big work on hand in its effort "to secure fair elections, promote honest government, and expose and bring to punishment official misconduct in Maryland, and especially in Baltimore." The animating spirit of this organization, Charles J. Bonaparte, has a National reputation as an advocate of civil service and municipal reforms, and his work in Baltimore has been, like his National efforts, bold, fearless, wise, and effective. The Reform League has the assistance in its local work of the Taxpayers' Association, which is concerned more particularly with the protection of real estate from unwise and unfair legislation; and by the Citizens' Reform Movement, recently organized, which has yet to make a name and a place for itself.

Thus we see the principal cities of the Atlantic seaboard are working away at the problems known as municipal, each perhaps in a slightly different way, but with a substantial agreement as to fundamental principles and methods. Chicago, as the principal city of the interior, has also made a substantial beginning, and has three organizations dealing with different phases of the question: the Municipal Order League, composed of women, the Citizens' Association (having similar methods and aims with the organizations of like name in Philadelphia and Boston), and the Civic Federation, the latest and most comprehensive effort. The Federation is a "non-partisan, non-sectarian association, to secure co-operation of all the forces that are now laboring to advance the municipal, philanthropic, industrial, and moral interests of Chicago." Its plan of organization includes the formation of Ward and District Councils. The object of the Municipal Order League is "to secure and maintain public health and cleanliness," and it is working with much aggressiveness and considerable success. Several of its crusades against local iniquities have resulted, not only in the removal of the nuisances complained of, but in a higher municipal standard of taste and neatness.

In Milwaukee an active Municipal League is waging a successful battle with the organized spoilsmen, with excellent prospects, at the present writing, of unhorsing them. In Kansas City a newly formed Kansas City Party has just concluded a campaign the substantial fruits of which it has won; to be sure, its candidate was not elected, but the successful candidate, after his election, definitely pledged himself to carry out nearly all the reforms contended for by the municipal party. The Municipal Improvement Association of this city has for several years, as a result of an awakening of public interest in municipal affairs,

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been doing much-needed work in the accumulation of information respecting municipal administration and in promoting legislation in the interest of the health, comfort, and safety of the community.

The Boards of Trade in Cleveland, Minneapolis, and Grand Rapids, Mich., which have taken steps to arouse interest in municipal affairs, are active, aggressive, and vigilant in all things pertaining to their respective cities.

Tacoma, Seattle, and Oakland, on the Pacific coast, have their Leagues, and San Francisco and Los Angeles are preparing to take the first steps towards organizing some municipal reform body. Denver and Pueblo, Colo., are agitated over the subject, and their more prominent citizens are inquiring as to the best means to attain their objects. Coming East, we find a meeting called in Cincinnati to consider the advisability of forming a municipal organization, and a similar meeting in Pittsburg. Knoxville, Tenn., and a number of Kentucky towns, are debating the question and seeking information. Other Southern cities, which for the present prefer not to be named, are awaiting the proper moment to launch a movement. The New Orleans Jefferson Club appointed delegates to the Philadelphia Conference. Coming North, we find Good Government Clubs in Montclair and New Brunswick, N. J., and Yonkers, N. Y.; a City Club in Hartford, an Advance Club in Providence, a Citizens' League in New Rochelle, Municipal Leagues in Schenectady and Bridgeton, a Citizens' League in Camden.

In Albany there are a Citizens' Association and a Citizens' Committee of Fifty, and a Municipal League is talked about. The Citizens' Association of Buffalo is very like a New England town-meeting, and its methods, because in some respects unique, are worthy of careful study. And so we could prolong the list, there being scarcely a town of any size in the country but has its municipal reform organization, or is on the road to form one.

Nor, as we have already seen in the case of the Chicago Municipal Order League, are the men alone in their desire and effort to secure better city government. The Women's Health Protective Associations in the various cities are doing a praiseworthy work, but the Civic Club of Philadelphia may perhaps be called the model of its kind. This Club, composed entirely of women, is laboring to promote, "by education and active co-operation, a higher public spirit and a better social order." The Civic Club, although born with the opening of the new year, has, with an energy and persistence to be imitated by all engaged in similar work, aroused and animated among the women a public spirit that is bound to bear early and abundant fruit. Its co-operation with the Municipal League has been valued and effective.

In this hasty sketch we have seen that the municipal spirit has manifested and organized itself in all parts of the country, among men and women alike. It would require a stout volume to chronicle all the good it has succeeded in accomplishing, but it would take a stouter volume or series of volumes to enumerate the things yet to be done. Although much has thus far been wrought, our American cities are, as a rule, badly governed, and until the citizens arouse themselves and take that interest in civic affairs that it is both their duty and privilege to take, we shall make but little substantial progress. The change must be consciously made; no spasmodic reform can have lasting results; and we cannot have a conscious demand for better city government until the people know what has been and can be done along these lines, and are educated up to the point of demanding the best, and being satisfied with nothing but a full compliance with their demands.

The National Municipal League, the first meeting of whose Board of Delegates will be held in New York, May 28 and 29, is another direct result of the Philadelphia Conference. Its purpose, as stated in the Constitution, is: First, To multiply the numbers, harmonize the methods, and combine the forces of all who realize that it is only by united action and organization that good citizens can secure the adoption of good laws and the selection of men of trained ability and proved integrity for all municipal positions, or prevent the success of incompetent or corrupt candidates for public office. Second, To promote the thorough investigation and discussion of the conditions and details of civic administration, and of the methods for selecting and appointing officials in American cities, and of laws and ordinances relating to such subjects. Third, To provide for such meetings and conferences, and for the preparation and circulation of such addresses and other literature, as may seem likely to advance the cause of good city government.

Roman Catholic Loss

By the Rev. Joshua Coit

There are certain indications that the Roman Catholic Church has passed the point of greatest progress in this country, that its curve has reached its summit. The note of alarm sounded by Miss Elder at the Catholic Congress in Chicago was well warranted. Without indorsing her sharp criticism as to the quality of her people or repeating her lament that so few Catholics are engaged in honestly tilling the soil and so many are engaged in the liquor traffic, it may be worth while to notice:

That by her own figures the Roman Catholic Church is falling behind in the race for numbers. Her "Sadlier's Almanac and Ordo" for 1880 gives the total Catholic population in this country as 5,884,222; in 1892, 8,618,135; in 1893, 8,632,521; in 1894, 8,806,648. For the twelve years from 1880 to 1892 a gain of 204,745 a year; in the last two years, a gain of 94,231 a year. Now, there has been so large a gain in all these years by immigration that the smaller gain of the later years is fully accounted for by it. Nay, more, it would seem plain that there is a loss large enough to overbalance the natural increase by birth and draw upon the gain by immigration. We get an intimation of the nature of this loss if we scan the congregation streaming from a Roman Catholic church. It is composed chiefly of women, boys, girls, and old men; there are usually very few men of from twenty-five years of age to sixty.

Notice, again, that for a period of ten years or more the changing policy of the Roman Catholic Church in regard to the public schools has been such as would tally well with a consciousness of loss through these schools. Mark the sequence. First, complaint that her children were made to read from a Protestant version of the Bible. Proper recognition of some reasonableness in this complaint led to the banishment of the reading of the Bible in our schools. Then, complaint that the schools were Godless, since no religious instruction was or could be given in them. Then, extreme pressure, even to the serious threat of excommunication, to keep her children in the parochial schools. Then, endeavor to secure a proportionate share of the public-school money. And, finally, a relaxation of the pressure, with Monsignor Satolli's decision in favor of the liberal wing of the Romish Church in this country; a relaxation, by the way, well fitted to dovetail in with a greater effort to obtain a share of public funds for private schools. The cost of the parochial system is very great, and would not be imposed upon a people whose financial resources are heavily drawn upon by their Church unless the necessity was urgent.

During the last ten years there has been much done in New England among the French-Canadians in the way of preaching to them a pure Gospel in their own language. And while the apparent results so far as statistics go are not large, though by no means insignificant, the attitude of the priests and their people towards each other is very significant. The denunciations of the priests against those who listen to the missionaries are more severe than ever, in some cases extremely bitter, yet there is manifestly an increasing desire and purpose on the part of the people to "search the Scriptures daily to see whether these things were so." A few years ago Bibles given to Roman Catholics, when discovered by the priest and demanded by him, were given up. Now it has come to be understood that there is liberty in this matter, and priests are called upon

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sharply by one and another of the people to show in the Word of God warrant for Romish practices as well as doctrines.

There is still another indication. Rome is never in a hurry. She can afford to wait till the plum is ripe. During the years of her growth in numbers and power so little was done by her, or rather so little was openly done in a political way, that, outside of a few large cities, it attracted little attention. But now people, East and West, are alarmed by the political action of the Romish Church, which is, as never before, openly exercised. Whereupon some inconsequent persons, horrified at Rome as a secret political body, proceed to organize another secret political body. Rome, with her scant nine millions, would not, by open political work, bring such reproach and danger upon herself if she thought she was still gaining proportionately to the increase of population in our land. She seems to think the plum as ripe as it will be.

It should be remembered that the great loss of the Roman Catholic Church does not imply a corresponding gain to Protestant Churches. Would that it were so! Because it is not so, this loss is to be regretted on many accounts by all Christian people. The danger of our land to-day is not from the Roman Catholic Church, but rather from those who have lapsed from this and from other Churches. Let the Protestant Church, with united front, oppose, not the Romish Church, but rather the wickedness and worldliness of the millions who are outside all Churches, that we may become a Christian people in truth as well as in name.

A Poet of Aspiration

There are few names in this century which have had, for young men especially, greater attractive power than that of Arthur Hugh Clough. This power has never been widely, but in many cases it has been deeply, felt. It has its source more in the nature of the man and in the conditions of his life than in his work, although the latter is full of the elevation, the aspiration, and the beauty of a very noble mind. But it is not as a finished artist, as a singer whose message is clear and whose note is resonant, that Clough attracts; it is rather as a child of his time, as one in whom the stir and change of the century were most distinctly reflected. There was an intense sympathy with his age in the heart of Clough, a sensitiveness to the tidal influences of thought and emotion, which made his impressionable nature, for a time at least, a prey to agitation and turmoil; and there is no more delicate registry of the tempestuous weather of the second quarter of the century than that which is found in his work.

It was in November, 1836, that Clough, a boy of seventeen, exchanged school life at Rugby for college life at Oxford. He had always been in advance of his opportunities; he had led each form successively; he was the best swimmer and the first runner in the school; he was so manly, genuine, and wholly lovable that when he left for Oxford every boy in the school waited to shake hands with him; his scholarly prominence was so marked that in his last year Dr. Arnold broke the silence which he invariably preserved in awarding prizes, and publicly congratulated him on having secured every prize and won every honor which Rugby offered, and crowned his achievements by gaining the Balliol scholarship, then and now the highest honor open to the English school-boy. With such a record of fidelity and ability behind him, Clough entered upon his career at Oxford. He had not won the heart and enjoyed the teaching of Arnold without some comprehension of the largeness of thought and the noble intellectual sympathy which made his master the ideal teacher of his time; his mind was already playing, with a boy's eager and buoyant expectancy, about the problems of the age. He had learned already that loyalty to truth, whatever it costs and wherever it leads, is the only basis of a life of intellectual integrity. At Rugby he left one of the largest, freest, and most progressive of minds of a generation rich in men of commanding ability; at Oxford he met those persuasive, subtle, and eloquent teachers who were to lead the greatest reactionary movement of the time. John Henry Newman, luminous in thought, fervent in spirit, winning in speech, was steadily drawing away from modern life to the repose and authority of the Middle Ages. The very air throbbed with the stir of a conflict which drew all sensitive minds within the circle of its agitation, and the eager expectancy which filled the hearts of the leaders seemed to promise a new day of spiritual impulse and ecclesiastical splendor. Then, if ever, was realized that beautiful vision of Oxford which Dr. Arnold's son has given to the world, when she lay "spreading her gardens to the moonlight and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the middle age."

Clough, in the fullness of his early intellectual awakening, had already passed beyond the spell even of an enchantment so alluring and magical as that which Newman's eloquence was throwing around many an eager spirit; he had gone too far on the road to a free and noble mental life ever to turn back and sit once more in the shadows that fell from cathedral towers, and leave to others the guidance and direction of his thought. But no young man could live in that seething vortex and not be driven hither and thither by the mere force of the currents of thought; for two years, he says, "I was like a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney." He had passed from the influence of one of the freest to the influence of one of the most reactionary minds of the day, and the tumult of conflicting opinion compelled him to examine and re-examine questions the consideration of which belongs to maturer years. Amid the conflict which went on about and within him, he carried himself with such a steady resolution and with such a calmness of faith in the victory of truth that among his contemporaries he was soon felt as an independent force, preserving amid the agitation the quietude of soul which is the possession of the true thinker. Clough was not long overwhelmed and tossed helplessly from one side to the other of the whirling vortex of discussion; he was stimulated by the agitation into larger and freer play of mind upon the great questions of life, and he was filled—as an open mind cannot but be filled when all the elements are in motion—with the hope of a nobler world of faith some day to roll out of the cloud and darkness. In this eager expectancy, this pure and breathless aspiration, he may well stand in our thought for a whole group of men upon whom the questioning of this century has come, not to paralyze, but to inspire. Let him speak for himself:

'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense;
Though blank the tale it tells,
No God, no Truth! yet He, in sooth,
Within the skeptic darkness deep
He dwells that none may see,
Till idol forms and idol thoughts
Have passed and ceased to be:
No God, no truth! ah, though, in sooth,
So stand the doctrine's half;
On Egypt's track return not back,
Nor own the Golden Calf.

Take better part, with manlier heart,
Thine adult spirit can;
No God, no Truth! receive it ne'er—
Believe it ne'er—O man!
. . . . . .
No God, it saith; ah, wait in faith
God's self-completing plan;
Receive it not, but leave it not,
And wait it out, O man!

Defective as poetry, these verses express, nevertheless, the spirit and attitude of a free, religious nature, and they have the charm of Clough's habitual veracity. And where shall we find a truer expression of the feeling which lies deepest in the heart of this century than that contained in these striking verses:

Go from the East to the West, as the sun and the stars direct thee,
Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth.
Not for the gain of the gold—for the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed; but for the Duty to do.

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Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth.

Go; say not in thy heart And what then were it accomplished,
Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the use or the good!
Go, when the instinct is stilled, and when the deed is accomplished,
What thou hast done and shalt do shall be declared to thee then.
Go with the sun and the stars, and yet evermore in thy spirit
Say to thyself: It is good; yet is there better than it.
This that I see is not all, and this that I do is but little;
Nevertheless it is good, though there is better than it.

It is the spirit of youth which breathes in these impressive lines and gives them a tonic quality. At a time when so much diseased and cowardly thought finds its record in verse, it seems almost a duty to recall the large and hopeful utterance of a sane and healthy nature, in full sympathy with the time, and often in genuine anguish of spirit because of it, and yet serene and aspiring to the very end. H. W. M.

Is "American Humor" Humorous?

By Oscar Fay Adams

That, of course, depends upon what is understood as humor. In some country districts grinning through a horse-collar is esteemed vastly amusing, and the individual performing this function may claim to have, in sooth, a pretty wit, without much gainsaying. Some there are who find excellent food for mirth in putting out a leg over which the unheeding may stumble and fall, and who discern humor of the rarest flavor in the roughest practical jokes and the most brutal sexual allusions. The sensibilities of one half of mankind are attuned to humor of this pitch, and from it to the delicate, subtle humor of a Hawthorne are infinite upward gradations.

Without going into the question of the distinction existing between wit and humor, and speaking now only of American humor, we perceive at first sight two distinct divisions of the subject. In the first of these may be classed what may be defined as literary humor—the humor of Lowell, Hawthorne, Curtis, Irving, and many more of lesser rank. The humor of these men belongs to the domain of pure literature, and is not distinctively American. In the second classification belongs the humor that *is* ranked as essentially American, both by ourselves and those of other nations, and it is this of which I wish to speak. It is the humor of the comic papers, of the funny columns of papers that are not professedly comic, and of comic books that make no pretense to be considered as literature, that is here under discussion. This kind of American humor has a thousand readers where that of the other class would scarcely find ten. Is it humor, on the whole? Let us see.

However widely any company of refined men and women might differ upon general topics, we may safely affirm that in regard to this matter no one of them would see any humor at all in making sport of tragic events or in levity in the face of disaster. Not one of them would delight in holding up to general ridicule the possibly Jewish profile of one neighbor or the large mouth and irregular teeth of another. Nor would any of them consider a wretched besotted drunkard as an amusing spectacle, an adroit thief as a high comedian, or regard adultery in the light of a screaming farce. Being what they are, refined men and women, they would utterly fail to see the humor of these things.

But are they competent judges of what constitutes humor? Apparently not, from some points of view. A book like "Peck's Bad Boy" brings its author fame and fortune. And what do we find in its vastly amusing pages? What but the vulgarest conception of family life ever penned? A father of low tastes and shaky morals, and a keen-witted son who is no stranger to his father's dissipations, whether that estimable parent be the worse for liquor or regardless of obligations to his wife. The boy is not ashamed of his parent, and his own cleverness is made much of.

Not so long ago a series of humorous articles were widely circulated in the newspapers, having for their topic the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke. The wife was represented as an inane individual whose remarks were constantly goading her husband to frenzy and bringing down upon her head a string of objurgations, among which "dod-gasted idiot" was the least objectionable. Many articles of a similar character have been widely read, as these were, and are usually classed as American "domestic humor." Heaven help the domesticity where this kind of humor prevails!

Humor of another kind is exhibited in the columns of police-court news, where too often the waifs and strays of weakness and crime are held up to be laughed at. To the refined mind a miserable drunkard receiving his sentence is not a mirth-inspiring object in himself; but the reporter knows better, and labors to the end that we shall agree with him. Sometimes we find in our morning newspaper an account of a robbery or marital infelicity concisely told and without sensationalism; but, lest the reader should fail to perceive the inherent humor of the situation, a humorously sensational heading is given to the item.

The American is fond of attributing to the Englishman a defective humorous sense, and calls "Punch" the center of gravity. Doubtless the Englishman *is* dense in these matters. He picks up an American newspaper and reads something to this effect:

"James Kelly attempted to adapt a powder-magazine to the uses of an after-dinner smoking-room the other day. Coroner's inquests were held in five different counties."

"Do you call that funny?" he asks. "*I* call it horrible."

When the American explains that such a thing never really happened, or at least that this particular incident never did, the Englishman is still unappeased. The joke, if there be one, is not apparent to him. Nor does the average Englishman see any large amount of humor in the jealousies, real or imagined, existing between American municipalities as manifested in allusions to the big feet of Chicago women, the flapping ears of the people of St. Louis, the baked beans of Boston, or the deadness of Philadelphia. It all appears like very stupid banter to him, and he wonders that we do not tire of harping on such things. But no, we are not a dense, thick-headed race, and these things amuse us mightily! Our sense of humor is so keen that custom never stales the infinite variety of jests upon such fertile themes! So, too, with persistent regularity one may find in the comic and other papers the ever-delightsome jest that has, in more or less offensive fashion, the Hebrew for its theme, or caricatures pitilessly aimed at certain facial peculiarities of the laboring Irishman. Add to these topics the perennially fresh remarks about the fondness of the goat for tomato-cans, the observations of the small boy to his sister's young man, the preference that lovers manifest for occupying one chair instead of two, and the facilities for divorce with their attendant consequences, and it is easily seen how wide a field American humor may cover.

Between the humor of literature—to return for a moment to our former classification—and American humor such as has just been alluded to, is the ephemeral humor that has for its subject the follies and pettinesses of men and women—a humor tipped with satire, that is often very effective, as the pages of "Life," perhaps, afford the best evidence. But is this the humor that most Americans prefer? Does "Life," for instance, circulate so generally in America as "Punch" in England? To the Englishman of education "Punch" is a necessity; "Pick-me-up" and "Tit-Bits" he may now and then glance at, but "Ally Sloper" he never sees. The average American, who considers his English cousin quite out of the running where humor is concerned, stirs the fountains of his mirth with "Puck," "Judge" (I am not now considering the admirable political service which these journals have performed, but am speaking of them simply as papers furnishing distinctively American humor), and inferior papers of the "Ally Sloper" grade, while

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"Life," which in some respects corresponds to "Punch," he, comparatively speaking, less seldom sees. And for the rest, the "domestic humor" of the daily papers suffices him. Transplant the educated Englishman to America, and if he could not get "Punch" he would read "Life" as a substitute more or less satisfactory; transplant the average intelligent American to England, and instead of "Punch" you would find him reading certain comic journals whose wit is based on lines that are sadly familiar here, and quite possibly descending to the still lower depths of the "Pink 'Un" and "Ally Sloper."

Now, as no man habitually seeks that corner of the club-room or hotel smoking-room where stories of a salacious nature are the staple of entertainment, or, finding it by chance, remains there for any great length of time, *unless* the theme be to his taste, so no man reads steadily for his diversion the humor that he does not care for. We have already glanced at the themes which a company of refined men and women would fail to consider amusing, and yet it is upon just such themes that what we profess to call "American humor" is largely based.

The intelligent Englishman who has studied the subject cannot help feeling that what is known as American humor is for the most part the levity, the flippant bad taste, of a people to whom nothing in heaven or on earth is sacred, the humor that makes a mock of duty to the State and to individuals, that turns a somersault in the presence of the eternal verities, that vulgarizes the tenderest relations of life—all this does not seem like true humor to him. Now and then he expresses his thought, and we are tremendously hurt and indignant, and credit the adverse criticism to British prejudice and jealousy of our more active mental processes. "It always takes an Englishman a week to see a joke that the American catches before the last word is uttered," we cry.

But Englishmen could always see what was best in the fun of Artemus Ward, and what is genuine in American humor they have not been slow to appreciate. But the exaggerated, strained humor and sordid details of works of the Betsy Bobbett order, characteristics which obscure the better qualities beneath, they are not likely to care for; while as for the humor of the Bill Nye variety and other species of wit that we fondly call national, it is to them anathema.

"And so it is to us," refined American men and women add. Of course it is, because you *are* refined men and women; but how much weight does your opinion of the matter carry with it? Does not this American humor which you dislike so much become every year more popular? Are not an increasing number of columns devoted to it in the daily papers? Cannot each one of you point to one or more journals that ten years ago, let us say, would not have printed a column of "domestic humor" from one year's end to the other, that now publish it daily? And why? Simply because the demand for it increases.

Let us call things by their right names. Let us cease exclaiming about insular British prejudice and the Englishman's jealousy of American acuteness. Whether it is the Englishman or any one else who declares that what we are pleased to style "American humor" is very largely founded on a misapprehension of what constitutes legitimate food for mirth, he is right, and we know it. If we did not know it, his judgment would not hurt us as it does. American humor that is pitched in the key to which objection is here urged is spurious; it is *not* humorous in any real sense.

But it is "American"! Yes, and that is the pity of it. The wit and humor of a Lowell or an Irving are, in spite of local characteristics, that of the literary humorist wherever found; they belong to the world, and pass current everywhere without needing a label to define their quality. But to the United States also belongs the distinction of having brought forth a style of humor that substitutes flippancy and smartness for wit; that esteems nothing too high for its theme, as it considers nothing too low; that jests at scars, and runs riot among all the obligations of life.

And this is what our critics overseas call "American humor," and we dare not deny that it is our very own. Being our own, is it, then, our glory or our shame?

A Prodigal

An Irish Country Character-Sketch

By Katharine Tynan Hinkson

I did not know Jimmy Doran in the days before he became a prodigal. He made his great escapade quite twenty years ago, and prior to it had not come within my youthful knowledge. But I knew him after he returned, and before he became the melancholy old invalid he was in his latter days. I remember him, a brown, wizened old fellow, leading the goats to pasture. He was little and wrinkled, and would have been merry if he had not that cowed look which he never quite lost. I often came on him tooting sweetly on his tin whistle, and half lost in the music till the sound of a foot made him start apprehensively. He was not above making friends with a couple of children, goat or cattle herding, and sitting with them while they ate their bread and treacle and he nibbled the dry crust which was his only refreshment. He was well stored with the country tales and the superstitions of the fields—a pleasant old fellow to chat with for a while when one met him on one's afternoon walk. A favorite seat of his was by a holy well in a grassy *boreen*. The mossy bank shelved to the clear water over its polished pebbles. He used often to be sitting there when I came by, sometimes half dozing, at others feeding the birds that hopped about him with crumbs saved from his own scanty refection. I thought he was not quite unlike a bird himself, he was so small and brown; and he had a quick, timid way of turning his little old head and twinkling eyes. The holy well was under a thorn-tree, which was hung with votive rags. The country people venerated it greatly, and would resent any animal's drinking at it. But then, as old Jimmy explained to me, that was all nonsense, and the blessed Brigid would be the last one to object to the innocent bastes, let alone that she was fond of the cr'atures in her lifetime. Jimmy was very learned in the lives of the saints. Anyhow, Jimmy never denied to any creature refreshment, though it were a weary-foot little cur which had found its way down from the dusty highroad, or sheep or kine going home from a fair, and turned into the lane for rest and pasture. He used to look like a little old tutelary spirit of the well, sitting there in the shade, of an evening, while the birds he had tamed drank at his feet, lifting their heads to swallow, in a bird's pretty way, and turning their fearless eyes on him where he sat.

He used to be abroad very late. Even in June the gloaming would find him unwillingly going homeward with his goats. He confided to me once that he couldn't see that a man wanted a better bed than the green sward, with the sky over him. He was by nature houseless and a wanderer. I don't know that he could have had a drop of gypsy blood, but he was essentially vagrant in the heart of him. If fate had dealt kindly with him he would have been a merry, gentle old peddler, trudging the grassy roads, pack on back. One could imagine how he would innocently wheedle matron and maid. The season seemed to affect his out-of-doors life little. The Irish climate is mild, and three-fourths of the winter through it is possible to sun one's self, sitting on the sheltered side of a ditch. For cold or wet evenings Jimmy was provided with a couple of sacks, given him by a kindly neighbor, which, thrown about his shoulders, kept out the rain and cold that his old blue *cothamor*, or coat with capes, would have let through. I often wonder that in those days he did not start off again on his rambles, while yet he was able, and before the rheumatism took him. But he did not, and I think it was less terror of his wife than love for his grandchild that kept him enduring his hard life.

To look at Jimmy when he was afield, you would scarcely imagine that he was a sort of perpetual penitent. Yet he was, just as much as if he wore a white sheet instead of his *cothamor*. His little grandchild, Lizzie, never dared do more than give him a furtive hug when her grandmother's back was turned. There was a consensus of opinion among the neighbors that Mrs. Doran was a bitter pill, "an' tr'ated th' ould man scandalous;" but though they

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went out of their way to offer him a twist of tobacco, or to have a cheerful bit of talk with him, none ever ventured to hint the popular pity for him and condemnation of herself to Mrs. Doran.

She is living still—a spare, white-faced, straight old woman, with frosty eyes and a pinched mouth. Within her strait ways her life has been an admirable one, fulfilling many duties. Her caps and aprons are as snowy as her hair. She and her belongings are always quite spotless. Little Lizzie goes to the convent school every day in a clean print frock and white pinafore, the admiration of the nuns. You could eat your dinner, as they say, off the floor of Mrs. Doran's kitchen, where the boards are sanded and shining with the little particles of mica or talc in the sand. The tall dresser is loaded with shining crockery. The tins on the wall shine again, and every table and chair is snowy. The old woman is a laundress by trade, and on her ironing days a pleasant smell of clean hot linen floats through the open door, and one catches a pretty picture of a cottage interior within. There is no sign of failing about the old woman's erect form. How many years she has washed and ironed, and kept the house spotless, and little ones well fed and decently clothed! In her way she is worthy of much respect, little lovable as she is.

Heaven knows how she came to marry Jimmy Doran. She was a bit of an heiress, too, owning her long, low cottage, where three roads diverge from a triangular center of grass. There is a cabbage-garden at the back, and monthly roses climb up to the eaves. The garden supplies not only vegetables, but a drying and bleaching ground for the washing. I once asked a very old man what Mrs. Doran had been like in her youth. "Och, the very moral of what she is to-day," he said. "A clane, industrious woman, but hard and stand-off, and wid never a bit of pity in the four bones of her. Sure, she was gettin' purty hardy whin she put her *comether* on Jimmy, an' more betoken it was because her timper had druv another man from her that she took Jimmy, poor dacent man. Jimmy," he went on, "'ud have done well enough if he'd married another woman than Susy Doran. She kep' drivin' him here an' there, an' he was always wan to take it aisy, but wid her it was work, work, work, from morning till night. An' for a wake or a weddin', he daren't go nigh the like; an' him that was always fond of poppin' in an' out a neighbor's house, an' kindly welcome, for his like at song an' story I never seen. Well, it was work all day wid him, an' at night sittin' opposite Susy's dry face that had never a smile on it. Sure, I'm not goin' rightly to defend the man for what he done," wound up Nick Brady, "but people said she druv him to it, an' she must have, for I know myself it was desperate fond of the childher he was always."

It is time to tell the particular sin for which Jimmy Doran passed his old age in doing penance. One fine summer evening, when he was supposed to be digging in the cabbage-patch, he suddenly disappeared. Some one said he had seen Jimmy from a distance going towards the quarries, where the water was of an unplumbed depth. His dog, Pincher, was at his heels. Pincher was a relic of Jimmy's bachelorhood, a half-bred Irish terrier of phenomenal roughness, wisdom, and good nature. Pincher had small reason to love Mrs. Doran, for she had driven him out-of-doors in his old age, and he slept of nights in a barrel improvised by Jimmy in an out-of-the-way corner where he might escape the mistress's cold eyes. Jimmy fed him surreptitiously, and the little yellow cur was wise enough to keep to his house when his master was within doors. But he, too, had been used to a gay and wandering life before he and Jimmy were caught and caged, and no doubt Pincher followed his master into the free world, that evening the temptation took him, with a heart beating with as fearful an excitement.

However, at the time no one suspected that Jimmy had run away. When he did not return, people came to the conclusion that he had been drowned in the quarry-hole. Dragging failed, indeed, to bring his body to light, but, then, the hole was supposed to be fabulously deep, and to have communication underground with other such dismal pools. So, after a time of excitement, people gave up hoping that Jimmy was alive, and Mrs. Doran put on the widow's cloak.

She had three children—two boys running about, and a girl at the breast. Usually the sympathy is great in Ireland for a lone widow with children to rear. But no such feeling was manifested towards Mrs. Doran, nor would she have appreciated it if it had been. She had no idea that a good many people looked at her askance, as one who, by her tyranny, might, perhaps, have driven her husband to take his life. She had never had any friendship with the folk about her, and cared little for their favors or disfavors. Her washing was done for gentlefolk in the neighborhood, who were always loud in praise of her industry and housewifely qualities. The priest and the nuns praised her in the same way, and held her up as an example to good-natured slatternly matrons. Altogether, Mrs. Doran was well pleased with herself as a pattern of rectitude.

Her bringing up of the children was beyond reproach. You would scarcely know her little Con or Philip from the titled young gentlemen at the Castle. They wore, indeed, those young gentlemen's discarded velveteens, little the worse for wear, and in them, with their fair hair and the brown skin inherited from their father, they were boys to make any mother's heart proud. Her Ladyship used occasionally to stop her carriage at Mrs. Doran's door and display with pride to her English friends the cottage and the handsome lads, whom she liked to think were shown off by her benefactions. The little girl, Ellie, was charming, too, after her way, but less robust than the boys. They were brought up with the most scrupulous care. None of the three ever missed school for any pretext. I doubt that Mrs. Doran had a moment's weakness over any of them at any time. The soft-hearted mothers about told with bated breath of her tremendous chastisements for the least offense. Handsome Philip, after one such beating, disappeared for a week, and was brought back by the police ragged, half-starved, and despairing. They certainly looked quite unlike other children of their station, but I imagine that the superiority of the young Dorans was as much a cause of pity as of envy to the mothers of ragged, sun-stained, happy brats around.

The children grew up in the same strait path. But before the lads had the first down on their faces they announced simultaneously, one fine evening, that they were going to America. Their mother was incredulously angry at first that they could make their plans without so much as "by your leave" to her; but, to her surprise, the lads, one supporting the other, faced her displeasure with a front that showed that they inherited her own inflexible will. About ways and means there was no difficulty. Her Ladyship was one of an emigration committee which delighted in the questionable benevolence of sending away the youth of Ireland to build up America. She was greatly pleased to assist the young Dorans, lads so well educated, clever, industrious, and good in every way. The boys knew they had her Ladyship's support as their trump card when they faced their mother unflinchingly but perhaps with something of quaking hearts.

Mrs. Doran made the best of their victory over her—for no doubt it was that. People only dimly suspected that she had been worsted, and her wound, if it was one, she hid under a chillier exterior than of old. The boys sailed with such a fine equipment of socks and shirts and comforts of all kinds as is seldom seen at Castle Garden. They did no discredit to their up-bringing in their new country, and did not seem to have even a season of wild-oat-sowing after their lifelong repression. They must have been Susy's children rather than their father's. From the first they worked and prospered, and are at this moment both steady, married men, somewhere in the Western States, and most dutiful with their letters and remittances to their mother.

Ellie did less satisfactorily for herself. She, too, soft and yielding as she seemed, took her fate into her own hands. She married a weedy bit of a city clerk, who died before the second anniversary of their marriage. She was not long following him; and she left a puny month-old

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baby, which was carried off by its grandmother after the funeral, and grew up to be pretty Lizzie, whose quaint, appealing little face always reminds me of a brown pansy.

All these things were over and done when Jimmy Doran came home. No one ever learned rightly where he had been, but there is a rumor that he earned his living by ballad-singing at fairs and markets. I suspect he was a much more innocent prodigal than him of Holy Writ, but the world had not dealt kindly with him; for he came up the village street one May evening, limping in the shadow of the houses, a tired, shabby old man, with the dust on his head and on his poor garments. Pincher was long dead, and Jimmy alone. He met one old neighbor, and spoke to him, nearly startling him out of his wits. The man went home, calling for his wife: "Biddy, Biddy achone, who do you think I'm after sp'akin' wid but Jimmy Doran, that was drowned in the quarries twenty years ago come midsummer!" The news quickly spread, and then many a one remembered their doubts, freely expressed at the time, that the man was drowned at all, at all, and there was a nine days' chatter and wonder. In the ordinary course of things Mrs. Doran's house would have been besieged by neighbors, but she knew how to repel the inquisitive; and even Katty Whelan, the intrepid, was driven off by the icy "Can I do anything for you, good woman?" with which her overtures to Mrs. Doran were received.

It was some days before Jimmy appeared in public, washed and brushed up, and with his old clothes decently mended, driving the goats to graze. Jimmy, good man, was timidly pleased to receive the neighbors' congratulations and greetings, but they noticed from the first that he appeared rather scared and very conscious of his ill-doing. It was significant that even the best of village mothers had no condemnation for Jimmy's desertion of his wife and children. Some of them argued, indeed, that his conduct showed no lack of affection for the children, but that his wife's harshness had conduced to a temporary aberration in which he was not responsible for what he had done. It was certain that, despite his long desertion of them, it was a grievous hurt to him that Ellie was dead, and the two boys where he might never hope to see them. I don't think myself that Jimmy was a very responsible person, but if you knew ever so little of him you could not doubt his affectionateness. He liked to be told about the children as they were when growing up; and the scraps of talk which went on in the *boreen*, far beyond his wife's hearing, he generally led round to "the childher." About the boy's successes he had a half-fearful pride, and occasionally told me something of them with a beaming face. I don t know how he came to know so much that their letters contained, for it was a part of his wife's penance upon him that he should hear nothing of their doings. Poor Jimmy was too conscious of his own ill-doing even to dispute her will in the matter. He bore quite patiently the knowledge that to them he was still dead, and would remain so unless some outsider enlightened them. Mrs. Doran took it that the boys, thanks to her rearing, were filling an honorable place in the world, and it was due to them that no ghost out of the past of their vagrant old father should arise to cast its shadow on their path.

Now, despite all these things, I think Jimmy was fairly happy so long as he led his out-of-door life. I am sure he forgot his sin and his wife's unlifting displeasure once he was fairly free, and with a whole day before he need return to his state of perpetual disgrace. Lizzie was a great sweetness to him, for, despite the fact that her grandmother discouraged all but the most formal communication between them, the child had learnt a great tenderness for the sinner. Children, happily, are not discriminating in that way, any more than dogs. I am afraid Lizzie used to deceive her grandmother when she raced nearly all the way from school so as to make undetected the round by Jimmy's *boreen*, and spend a few happy minutes with him. I once came upon them hugging each other for good-by, as if it were to be a very long parting, instead of their meeting a few hours later over their supper of stirabout and milk.

Jimmy's penance had lasted three years, when the rheumatism finally crippled him. For a while he was able to get about on crutches, but it was not long before he took altogether to his bed. The "room" opened off the kitchen, and had a small window that looked on to the cabbage-garden, and one opposite looking upon the road. If you went in to see Mrs. Doran on a matter of business, you might catch a glimpse through the open door of the wizened old man, partly sitting up in bed, and with an old prayer-book of enormous dimensions open upon his knees. No doubt his wife considered the prayer-book to be at once salutary and sufficiently recreative for an invalid. But poor Jimmy would be far gone indeed when he wasn't kindly interested in the affairs of this world.

Mrs. Doran considered she was doing well for her husband when she nursed and fed him, and kept him in more comfort than is common in an Irish cabin. She probably never thought of such a thing as solacing the invalid's long days with a newspaper, a pipe, or a visit from a gossiping neighbor. She would never have desired palliatives for herself in such circumstances. So, except for a visit from Father Gavican now and then, Jimmy was lonely indeed.

It was some one of rather finer perceptions than the rest of the folk who guessed how very lonely Jimmy was behind his uncomplainingness. This was the village schoolmistress, who had somehow made acquaintance with Mrs. Doran, and was acceptable to the proud old woman as being of better social rank than herself. How much of Miss Hogan's persevering cleverness in gaining Mrs. Doran's good graces was due to the patient old face she had seen looking from the window day after day, I will not say. Mrs. Doran was not easily approachable, despite Miss Hogan's advantages, but presently, on the common ground of Lizzie and her abilities, they made friends.

It was Miss Hogan who suggested, after many sittings in that spotless kitchen, that the old man might like a newspaper, or a chat, now and again. Mrs. Doran heard in a chilly way, but made no opposition. Presently Miss Hogan gained an entry to "the room," and it was easy to make friends with poor Jimmy. It became presently a common thing for her to spend half an hour or so at his bedside in the afternoons when the school was closed and the little schoolmistress free to follow her own devices. Perhaps the thing that most of all gained Mrs. Doran's assent, at least passively, to anything the schoolmistress might be pleased to do for Jimmy, was the fact that she taught him to knit, and, the old man proving an apt pupil, she was able presently to bring him a little order now and again from some one whom she had interested in his story.

But Jimmy could not always knit—his poor old fingers were too twisted with the rheumatism—and so Miss Hogan began to bring him a newspaper or a story-book to while away the hours when, failing them, he had nothing to do but look at his twisted fingers, or gaze out of the window, longing for the free life of old, or for the passage of even a flock of geese to break his deadly dullness. At last, one fortunate day, he confessed to his newly found friend his long-stifled desire for a pipe. Jimmy had always been a smoker; and I make no doubt that the very cruelest deprivation of his bedridden years had been the absence of his pipe.

Miss Hogan was, fortunately, able to find some one to advance the small sum weekly that was requisite to keep Jimmy in "twist." His wife did not object so long as his bed was drawn near the open window before the pipe was lit. The rest of his days—not very many—he passed in much placidity. To the last Mrs. Doran did not soften, nor did she let him see much of his little grandchild at any time. For all I know, the boys in America are still ignorant of their father's return from the dead. Father Gavican said that he died with the holiest of dispositions. His last plea was to his wife for forgiveness. "You were powerful good, Susy," he said, "to take me back after the way I tr'ated you and the childher. But I trust you've forgiven me." She stooped and kissed his wrinkled old forehead chillily. Neither to her nor to him did it seem that his penance had been excessive. He spoke again before he died. "God bless the kind lady that gave me the tobacco," he said—for the gift had been an anony-

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mous one—and died with the prayer on his lips. It was Miss Hogan told me of the death-bed scene, as she has filled up what would otherwise be gaps in this narrative.

I am not sure that Jimmy, having been given up for dead for twenty years, should have returned from the dead; but he went at last, without the remotest self-pity, and feeling only that he had fared at his wife's hands far better than he deserved. Somehow I have got into the habit of thinking upon Jimmy, not in a good Christian way, but with a pagan idea of him wandering through the Elysian fields in wind and weather, with a perpetually young Pincher at his heels. I don't attempt to palliate his long desertion of his hearth, but, remembering him, it is hard to think upon his sin with very stern condemnation for the sinner.

The Spectator

In casuistical lore a good deal of attention has been given to what is called "occult compensation." This means the tribute which one may secretly levy on the property of another who has injured him, and who refuses redress. The chief field of operation in modern society for "occult compensation" is supposed to be in the relation of the domestic servant to her mistress; as, for example, when the servant has been harshly spoken to, and, as a sop to her injured feelings, takes "a little sup" of tea or sugar and stows it away in the drawer beneath the ironing-board, *à la* Miss Malony. But the question sometimes presents itself in a really puzzling form; as, for instance, where, on a street railway, the conductor fails to call for one's fare. The ride ought to be paid for; but is it one's duty to assist the conductor in the performance of his duty? Then, perhaps the road makes unduly large profits, and ought it not to give an occasional dividend to steady patrons? Should the unpaid fare be viewed as a partial restitution of ill-gotten gains, and be thankfully pocketed as an earnest of justice to come? Or should one seek out the company's agent and urge him to take the price of extortion? Here is indeed a case for the Jesuitical casuist. True, the Spectator feels better when he has refused to retain the "occult compensation." But perhaps that is the result of puritanical prejudice.

❀

Here is a singular illustration of the contradictoriness of things. Boys almost always leave doors open when they are at home, and their mothers wear themselves out in trying to alter this habit. In the railway cars, women almost invariably leave the doors open, while boys and men are usually scrupulously careful to shut them. Perhaps the solution of the mystery is to be found in the fact that boys dislike to be "growled" at by strangers, while few women can overcome the feeling that somehow it is more "ladylike" to be "helpless" when traveling than to be thoroughly self-reliant.

❀

The Spectator had thought himself pretty familiar with New York streets, but his self-esteem received a severe shock lately when, in the tortuous labyrinths of Greenwich Village, he boarded a down-town car thinking it was going up-town. But perhaps one ought to expect such things in a locality where Fourth Street actually crosses Tenth Street!

❀

An amusing little game illustrates the superior impressiveness of gestures over words as thought-symbols. The leader raises both hands above his head, as if they were wings, while uttering the words "Eagles have feathers;" the other players are to raise their hands in the same way until the leader ascribes feathers to something which has them not. In nine cases out of ten, when, after running over the names of a few birds, the leader says, "Horses have feathers," the other players obediently follow the motion without being checked by the absurdity of the words.

❀

The "Christian Register" has been publishing a very readable series of travel sketches by the Rev. Francis Tiffany. One passage in a letter on India particularly impressed the Spectator —that about the Kutab Minar, the beautiful battle-monument erected by one of India's old-time rulers. Beside this glorious creation, says Mr. Tiffany, our Bunker Hill and Washington Monuments "seem common stone-masons' job-work. This is a piece of historic incarnation, a tower of victory greater than the victory itself." The significance of this to the Spectator lies in the fact that this wonderful tower was, like our monuments, built by a government, and that probably by the time our government has endured as long as the civilization which produced the Kutab Minar, it may be able to do equally creditable architectural work. But it will be a long time to wait, and how discouraging the interregnum!

❀

The traveling fruit peddlers of New York need to be much more alert than their brethren of the permanent sidewalk stands. The men of the push-cart are ever on the lookout for the blue-coats, and when a policeman comes in sight they make haste to "move on." Though these men are required to pay a license, they are not allowed, legally, to remain in one place more than ten minutes at a time, and the police are instructed to enforce this rule. The other day the Spectator saw a policeman roughly seize a somnolent vender who had not observed his approach, and, on the fellow's resisting the unexpected attack, shake him so that he lost hold of his cart, and over went the bananas into the street, thence to be purloined by the crowd of boys who, like unclean birds, at once swarmed from nowhere. The sorrowful but now unresisting vender was marched off to the station-house, wheeling his empty cart before him, and leaving his poor little stock-in-trade in the gutter. Justice is indeed blind—and merciless!

❀

There is something magnificent about moral earnestness, even if it be tactless. Not long ago, on one of the elevated cars, the Spectator's attention was attracted by the entrance of a tall, gray-haired, thin-lipped elderly man, who took a seat next to a rather foppish-looking young fellow. After a moment, without any warning, the old man suddenly turned to his neighbor and said, "Young man, have you been saved? Are you a Christian?" The young man was utterly taken aback, and stared feebly at the questioner. The zealot went on: "I have just attended a great meeting, and I felt that I must speak to you. Young man, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth!" At this point the youth recovered, and, apparently at a loss what to do, rose and made for the door! There was no doubt about the John Brown quality of the old man; and there was also, alas! no doubt about the utter barrenness of his work in this case.

❀

New York is so cosmopolitan that it is not often surprised at foreign garb. But the sight of half a dozen Hindus walking along Broadway with their native garments eked out by now a faded American overcoat and now a pair of civilized "pants" drawn tightly over the thinnest possible shanks, with a flaring yellow turban on the head and unmistakable Brockton shoes on the feet, was a sight sufficiently incongruous to make a resident stare and then smile. But one cannot smile at the delicately molded, thoughtful Hindu faces. Through what course of evolution have the common people of this race arrived at their outward symmetry of feature? And does the outward symmetry always betoken inward grace? Perhaps some twentieth-century Lavater will tell us all about this in a work on comparative racial physiognomy.

❀

People who cross the Brooklyn Bridge on their way to business in New York in the morning must have wondered at the crowd of newsboys who beset the passengers as they step into the street on the New York side. These boys usually carry a few papers under their arms, but they do not seem to be anxious to sell them. On the contrary, they hold out their hands and ask for the paper which a man has perhaps just bought, or which, again, he may have read thoroughly. If the newsboy gets one of these papers, he makes as much profit as if he had sold one, for most of the dailies allow a rebate on returned copies, and this comes in as clear profit to the boy who has a paper given to him. Then, too, he may perchance sell the once-used paper at full price, which transaction of course doubles his gains. Thus to the poor newsboy the sucked newspaper orange may have a good deal of juice left in it.

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The Home

Home Responsibility

The Outlook has no desire to pose in the attitude of an alarmist, yet the revelations that are constantly made as to the sale of impure milk and butter and of meat from diseased cattle compels it to call attention to the necessity of the utmost care in buying these commodities. Only a short time ago, typhoid fever was traced to a certain dairy. The Board of Health of the town stopped the sale of milk from that dairy. The proprietor and his wife went to work and made butter of the milk which they were not permitted to sell. How much of this butter was sold in the market is not known, but it was some weeks after the stopping of the sale of milk that the making of the butter at this dairy was discovered, and then the Board of Health compelled the owners to bury fifty pounds. Recently tuberculosis was discovered in a herd of cattle in Orange County. A cow suffering from this disease was killed and the carcass sent to the New York market. Before this crime was discovered, the carcass of the cow had been sold. The milk from this herd was all shipped to one condensed-milk company. Does it show intelligence on the part of the people of this State that the only action possible in this case by the Board of Health was to prevent the sale of the milk, to compel the killing of the cows, and to prevent the sale of the carcass if it were found? Nothing but public sentiment can prevent the sale of diseased milk, butter, and meat. Local Boards of Health must be held to a higher accountability than they are now for the fulfilling of their duties. Every town should make appropriations for the support of a biologist and a laboratory, and we again urge the necessity of a law requiring a man to hold a certificate before he can engage in the milk or butter business in any district. He should know the science of cleanliness. The intelligent care of the water-supply and drainage in and about every farm-house, and the absolute cleanliness of all utensils used in caring for milk, are the only means to secure the public health. Large cities are, in a measure, protected from the sale of diseased meat. Small towns and villages are the real sufferers from this danger, because no local inspection is maintained. The local inspection, then, must cover the living herds, the dairies through the districts, and the methods of transportation; and local Boards of Health and a biologist are the necessity of every town. Every community, every householder, is morally bound to see to it that the food eaten by his family is uncontaminated by disease.

In England this subject is receiving special attention. The "Daily Chronicle" quotes from the "Economic Reform" the result of some investigations recently made. A man purchased a dairy, depositing £100 to seal the bargain. He was then to receive his training; and these are among the things that he learned: First, that it was necessary to dye milk before selling it, and that this was accomplished by mixing a certain proportion of anatto and milk. This changed the color of the milk to a rich cream color. The next thing that he learned was that to produce cooking butter he must have certain proportions of oleomargarine and butter. The next thing he learned was how to make nursery milk. It was supposed that the nursery milk sold from this dairy came from certain cows which were fed to produce a peculiarly nutritious quality of milk. He also learned that cans in this dairy were washed in the same utensils that held the family linen on wash-days. More than that, that they were copper utensils, in which the family linen was boiled; that the brush used to wash the cans was also used to wash the cart. Another thing that he learned was how to mix skim and fresh milk. From one batch of milk all the cream was taken, and then to this batch of skim milk a certain proportion of new milk was added, and this was sold to the customers, the cream being, of course, clear profit. Now the story told by the purchaser is that the public has its taste so vitiated by the doctored milk and butter that when the pure articles are sold it refuses to accept them. The final revelation made to this man was that the men who sold his milk watered it, and had a set of customers of their own. They returned to him the sum of money that ought to be returned from the number of quarts of milk they took out. The water represented their private customers. This honest man became so disgusted with the tricks of the trade that at the expiration of three months he disposed of his dairy for one-half of the sum that he had paid for it. Doubtless Yankee ingenuity has discovered every trick of English business enterprise. It is for the public to rise in their might and insist that regulations shall be made by the State, and enforced by the State, that will protect the health and the life of every family.

"Dariuses Root"

By Caroline B. LeRow

That was what she had written on her examination-paper. "Starting from Mibile north of Miletus down round the Eagene Sea touch Delos southwest and then northwest to Marathon fine dotted line Dariuses root"—and poor Delia's "root" has been as complicated as that of Darius all through her young and troubled life.

At the time when she was studying "that horrid old ancient history," as she termed it, writing the above valuable and interesting piece of information for the benefit of her teacher and to furnish documentary proof of the progress of her education, she was a tall, narrow-chested, stooping girl, eighteen years old, a member of the graduating class of a city high school. She had begun her scholastic career at six, and continued it with no interruptions, except those incidental to occasional attacks of illness and periodical picnics. She had always maintained a fair standing in her classes, never so low as to fail of promotion, or so high as to cause her instructors any anxiety concerning her development. In a few weeks she was to "finish her education," and was not only, with Darius, "touching Delos southwest and then northwest to Marathon," but the more important matter—to her—of whether her graduating dress should be silk, satin, or *crêpe de Chine*.

Three years after her graduation I saw her again. She was a little thinner and paler than on the day when she had "started from Mibile down round the Eagene Sea." She had a suspicious flush upon her face, and an incessant little hacking cough; but she announced herself as "perfectly happy," for she was engaged to be married, and within a month. She talked freely of her life since leaving school. "Of course I had to do something to support myself after I graduated, and I tried to teach, but it wore me out frightfully—you know I never had a strong voice—but I worried along somehow for six months, and then father proposed my keeping his books for him. I tried hard enough, but it wasn't a bit of use. Of course we studied bookkeeping at school, but there were so many other things, and before three weeks had gone by, father declared I'd be the ruin of him if I kept on. I was glad to give it up, I tell you. Then I advertised for copying to do, and never had one single answer, but I wasn't so surprised at that when I went to answer an advertisement just like mine, and they said they had had over two hundred applications. Of course I had to give up that idea. Mother was sick after a while, and father thought I'd better help

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her at home, but that was worse than all the rest, for I'd never done anything round the house—I couldn't, you know, being in school all the time—and I had a perfectly awful time! The cooking was dreadful, and I couldn't do it, after all; mamma had to get up one day and show me how to fix the eggs the doctor ordered for her, and just that little exertion brought on a relapse, and—oh, dear!—she was worse than ever for more than a month after, and I nearly cried my eyes out, and I didn't know how to take care of her either, and father sent for a nurse from the training-school, but it was an awful expense and she worried about it the whole time. Then I tried to get a situation as a typewriter—one of our neighbors let me practice on his for almost two months, till I could do pretty well—and I got a position finally; but, you see, you have to be so particular about spelling and punctuation, and spelling never came easy to me like it does to some folks, and I couldn't get along at all. It wasn't a bit of use. But there's where I met Harry again," she went on, with a blush which made her thin face really pretty. "He graduated in my class. He's a clerk in the office. He gets twelve dollars a week now, and it's going to be raised to fifteen, and we've hired a flat and bought some furniture on installments—you don't know how cheap you can get lots of things that way—and—I shall have some one to support me, and—and—"

But I found my thoughts wandering, going with her on a certain "root," "starting from Mibile north of Miletus," not "down round the Eagene Sea," but around the schoolroom where she couldn't make her voice heard, to the desk where she couldn't keep books, to the kitchen where she couldn't cook, to the sick-room where she couldn't nurse, to the typewriter where she couldn't spell, and finally to the flat with the furniture where her future "root" was to be.

The "Harry" of her happy dreams was an ordinary young fellow of twenty-two, quite round-shouldered, not strong, weakened, in fact, by a succession of lung fevers, and occasionally told by his physician that he needed a change of climate. But the little flat and the installment furniture were far more attractive to him than any climate could have been, even, poor fellow! if such a change could have been possible under his circumstances.

I never forgot Delia or her "root," but it was over five years from that time before I had an opportunity of discovering in what direction it had lain. I succeeded in finding where she lived—she had moved nine times since her marriage, she afterwards told me—and mounted interminable flights of stairs to the top floor—a bare one at that. She was "just getting round," she said, showing the six-weeks-old baby in her arms. Another child, weak, pallid, peevish, tugged constantly at her skirts, keeping up a monotonous wail in its little piping voice. Her oldest one, she said sadly, had died of scarlet fever a year before. In a bed in an adjoining room no bigger than a closet lay her sick husband. The racking cough told its own story. "We've had a dreadful time since we were married," she volunteered, with a heavy sigh. "Harry wasn't strong, and the office was too confining for him, and he was sick and every other thing! We got awfully behindhand in that way—it costs so much living in the city. Then Harry lost his place, being away so much, and there wasn't a thing he could do except keep books, and there were a hundred bookkeepers for every position, and he took cold traveling round looking for work, and he's been in bed now almost three months. His aunt in New Hampshire sends us a little money once in a while, or I don't know what would become of us, and there's a woman downstairs who helps me some with the children; but it's fearfully hard to take care of Harry, he's so unreasonable and so fractious—oh dear!" and there were unspoken volumes in the weary woman's tones.

So far had Delia advanced on her "root" to disillusion, that saddest and most hopeless form of disillusion which showed her the husband of her young romance as a commonplace man, with poor health, small business ability, and a very ordinary disposition—nothing of the hero, and as little of the lover, visible to her now widely opened eyes; children who were scarcely more than a disappointment and ceaseless anxiety, with poor health as the direct inheritance from diseased parents; poverty which must needs count even the crusts, and humiliate itself to receive scanty alms; utter and profound discouragement for the present and the future—these were the experiences which Delia had encountered on her "root." It was not an exhilarating reflection that she and her poverty-stricken home, her sick husband and peevish children, were but types of similar thousands. What had twelve years of school life given to her in the way of sound sense concerning the practical and vital affairs of life? What had they given her even in the matter of physical strength, without which life at the best is a perpetual penance? True, she had traveled with Darius "from Mibile north of Miletus," but was it not "the foolishness of learning" which led her with him "down round the Eagene Sea" to "touch Delos," while the time thus spent might have given her power to touch something which would make her life worth living, for herself and for others? The young husband, too, had once been equally familiar with "Dariuses root," but of what practical benefit had it proved to him as regarded body or brain? There is no reason for quarreling with Darius. He is not to be blamed for having lived, or for having his achievements recorded in history. But alas and alas that the travels of a Persian king half a hundred years before the Christian era should be typical of so much daily studied in our schools, where the youth of our country are supposed to be fitting themselves for the life and work of this grand twentieth century of time! From whence comes aid for even the physical struggle for existence; for domestic or commercial life; for marriage and parentage? Where is the sound reason, power of judgment, logical inference, sense of proportion and fitness of things, realization of responsibility, courage for duty, endurance for misfortune, which all life so constantly calls for? Surely none of these things can be obtained by a blind following of "Dariuses root."

Little Katharine

By Katharine Lee Bates

Baby Land is Beauty Land—
(Kiss brow and chin!)
Watch the pictures that she paints
For happy kith and kin—
Shifting sunshine on the hair,
Rose-tint in the skin,
And sweetest hesitating curves
Where the smiles begin.
Such a fireside Raphael is
Little Katharine.

Love Land is Baby Land—
(Who may kisses win?)
Everywhere her blue eyes glance,
Waits a paladin.
All her world is tender-toned,
Hurt and comfort twin.
Treasures seek the tiny hands
That neither toil nor spin.
Softly home encompasses
Little Katharine.

Baby Land is Holy Land—
(Kiss a blessing in!)
Just a baby's step beyond
God, our Origin.
So lightly draws the cloud between,
Lily cloud and thin,
Undarkened yet by rain of grief
And stormy gusts of sin,
She hardly knows she's out of heaven,
Little Katharine.

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From the Day's Mail

In response to a correspondent's request, we reprint the following poem:

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

She was my dream's fulfillment and my joy,
  This lovely woman whom you call your wife.
You sported at your play, an idle boy,
  When I first felt the stirring of her life
Within my startled being. I was thrilled
With such intensity of love, it filled
The very universe! But words are vain—
No man can comprehend that wild, sweet pain.

You smiled in childhood's slumber while I felt
  The agonies of labor; and the nights
I, weeping, o'er the little sufferer knelt,
  You, wandering on through dreamland's fair delights,
Flung out your lengthening limbs and slept and grew,
While I, awake, saved this dear wife for you.

She was my heart's loved idol and my pride:
  I taught her all those graces which you praise;
I dreamed of coming years, when at my side
  She should lend luster to my fading days;
Should cling to me (as she to you clings now),
The young fruit hanging to the withered bough.
But, lo! the blossom was so fair a sight
You plucked it from me—for your own delight.

Well, you are worthy of her—oh, thank God!—
  And yet I think you do not realize
How burning were the sands o'er which I trod
  To bear and rear this woman you so prize.
It was no easy thing to see her go
Even into the arms of one she worshiped so.

How strong, how vast, how awful seems the power
  Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart
For one who never bore a single hour
  Of pain for her; which tears her life apart
Of all its moorings, and controls her more
Than all the ties the years have held before;
Which crowns a stranger with a kingly grace,
And gives the one who bare her—second place.

She loves me still! And yet, were death to say,
  "Choose now between them!" you would be her choice.
God meant it to be so—it is his way—
  But can you wonder if, while I rejoice
In her content, this thought hurts like a knife?—
No longer necessary to her life!

My pleasure in her joy is bitter-sweet.
  Your very goodness sometimes hurts my heart,
Because, for her, life's drama seems complete
  Without the mother's oft-repeated part.
Be patient with me! She was mine so long
Who now is yours. One must indeed be strong
To meet such loss without the least regret;
And so forgive me if my eyes are wet.

Dear Outlook:

In The Outlook some time ago was an article by Mr. Wingate on house-heating. As I have had considerable experience in putting in, and some in using, heating apparatus, I wish to enter a protest against what he says of steam-heating. His article conveys the impression that the heat from a steam radiator is unhealthy, uncomfortable, and otherwise "diabolical." In an ordinarily well-constructed house steam-heating plant the pressure should not and need never rise above a point where the temperature due to that pressure is about 215°. Now, no one thinks that a teakettle while boiling is very hot, and a good steam-heating boiler is little more than a good-sized teakettle; and, too, it is a very simple matter to connect each radiator with the outdoor air, and so supply an abundance of pure air to each room. And *radiated* heat, for some reason, is much pleasanter than hot air rising though "a hole in the floor." Hot-water heating has many advantages, and also some disadvantages. Why the heat radiating from a hot-water radiator with the water at a temperature of from 180° to 200° should be so much pleasanter than that from a steam radiator at from 212° to 215° is not very clear to me. I will admit that the heat from *high-pressure* steam is unpleasant, but nowadays no one thinks of using such an apparatus. I do not think a *furnace* was ever made that would warm the windward side of an ordinarily well-built wood house on a cold and windy day. The house in which I am writing is a small one, and has a furnace of good design and ample size, but one day in winter one of the upstairs rooms had a temperature of only 56°, though it looks out to the west, and a northwest wind was blowing; while outside the mercury was at 6°. When the wind is in the east it can be comfortably warmed.

Another word as to the heat from a steam radiator. I have frequently placed a thermometer on the open-work top of a steam radiator with the bulb about one and a quarter inches from the steam-heated pipes, and never saw it rise higher than 147°; just now one placed on register farthest from my furnace on first floor) shows 166°.

I do not wish to disparage hot-water heating at all, only to defend the improved modes of steam-heating.

E. S. N.

The Vacation Fund

The doors of Cherry Vale are open, but it cannot be as hospitable to the girls who need the shelter of its roof as in former years unless the people who have money share it with those who have not. The financial condition of the country is responsible for a seeming lack in response to the need of the hundreds of girls who must be helped if they are to have a summer vacation. The same cause that lessens the rich man's income reduces both the quality and quantity of food in the poor man's home; lessens also the working powers of every wage-earner. When all this continues for months, and the promise of relief is not bright or near, a week or two spent in a bright, cheerful, pretty home, with good food, fresh air, and the evidence, the expression, of the world's friendship about each tired girl—this means hope revived, faith born again, and life become once more a privilege, not a burden.

Previously acknowledged	$1,455 72
W. H. H., Madison, Wis	5 00
E. D. M., Connecticut	2 00
Mrs. E. L. S. H., Norwalk, Conn	3 00
Old Subscriber	1 00
"E.," Providence, R. I	5 00
E. L. H., Fulton, N. Y	10 00
H. H. B., New Haven, Conn	10 00
Mrs. L. J. M., St. Thomas, Ont	2 00
Total	$1,493 72

Picked Up

An ex-judge from the State of Illinois asserts that the autograph-hunters have probably removed the signature from every paper on file in the County Courts of that State that was signed by Abraham Lincoln.

The Baltimore "Sun" is responsible for the story that a woman who made an application for a license picked up the Bible and asked what book it was. The clerk was so impressed that he wrapped the Bible in a paper and presented the woman with it.

Some one has recommended as a spring salad one made from cucumbers, onions, and green peppers. The proportions are a tablespoonful of chopped onions, half a tablespoonful of green peppers with the seeds removed, to each fair-sized cucumber. Dress with French dressing.

The art of embroidery has been greatly fostered of late years. Many women, for their own amusement, have taken courses of lessons in the different styles of embroidery, while many others have turned it into a means of support. It was stated recently that the sum of five hundred dollars was spent for the embroidery alone of some table-linen for a bride. One hundred and seventy-five dollars was paid for a luncheon-cloth; the original price of the cloth was less than fifty dollars. The women who receive such prices are real artists. They draw their own designs, invent stitches, and do not duplicate.

The Board of Health of New York has discovered that a manufacturer of candy has placed upon the market chocolate-drops which contain alcohol. In one of these

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candy-drops there was found to be seven drops of brandy, and in a half a dozen as much alcohol as in an ordinary cocktail. The manufacturer cannot be prosecuted by law, for he holds a license for the sale of spirituous liquors, and he sells only to retailers. He was summoned to appear before the Health Board, and ordered to show cause why he should not discontinue the manufacture and sale of the deleterious candy. The candy-stores in the vicinity of schools have all been notified not to sell the alcoholic candies to children.

The Boston School Committee is discussing the question of discarding sloping writing in the public schools. It is said that in Cambridge the sloping system has been discarded for the vertical. In the office of the Registry of Deeds no copyist is employed who does not use the upright style of writing, and the Boston "Transcript" asks why the children should not be taught to use that style of penmanship which is of most value in commercial work. The School Committee is discussing the matter from the hygienic standpoint. It is claimed by the advocates of the vertical writing that the children sit more upright, and that there is less strain on the eyes. The Boston schools have also dispensed with the written examinations.

The value of a hairpin in the hands of a woman is recognized. Some woman has said that it is a whole complete carpenter's tool-chest. She can break a lock, mend a shutter, mend a piece of harness, use it as a paper-cutter, button her shoes and gloves, use it as a lever—in fact, the limit of its use in the hands of a woman has never yet been reached. It is interesting to know now that the author of "The Little Minister," Mr. J. M. Barrie, announces that he intends to marry some day, if only to have the convenience of using his wife's hairpins to clean out his pipes. That hairpins should ever open this opportunity to women their strongest advocate never dreamed. Whether the use of shell hairpins will limit woman's power has not yet been discovered. They certainly do not make as useful an instrument as the wire pins.

The News at the Hook

By F. V. Sears

In Two Parts—I.

When Ned Osborne was sixteen years old, he built himself a boat and a business at the same time. The boat was not intended for the business, but he "wrought in all sincerity," content with nothing less than the best he could do, and, working in that way, he "builded better than he knew."

Ned's uncle, editor of the "Raritan Democrat," needing quiet and rest, accepted the keepership of the big light on Sandy Hook, under President Pierce's administration, and offered to take the boy with him as an assistant, he being idle at the time by reason of the decline of business in his father's ship-yard in Keyport. He had been at boarding-school in Freehold, but as steamboats began to ply in Raritan Bay and the Kills, and to take trade from sailing craft, work in the yard fell off, and that, with the failure of his father's health, put an end to his schooling. He had learned the use of tools in the yard, and, with very little help, he finished what work there was on hand. There was nothing more coming in, however, and, although his uncle could afford but small pay, the chance to earn a living and a little money to help the mother withal was gladly accepted.

Sandy Hook was a desolate island in those days, cut off from the mainland by Shrewsbury Inlet, and there was nothing on the beach but a few fishermen's cabins between the Big Light and Long Branch, where there were three or four barn-like boarding-houses, empty except in July and August. Ned and his uncle went over to Horseshoe Cove on the Bay side of the Hook in a sailboat from the Highlands, and the family of the former keeper left the Big Light on the boat's return trip. They found their quarters in possession of Ben Gannett, an old sailor, who, with his wife, had lived there through half a dozen different administrations and changes of keepers. Ben claimed to be the hero who nailed the colors to the topmast of the frigate Constitution, and, although the claim was not more than half credited, he was allowed to hold his place as assistant keeper as long as he lived. He knew the routine and all the details of the work to be done, and was withal good-natured and obliging. His wife, too, was very helpful, taking care of the domestic affairs and making the place comfortable. After the novelty wore off, the newcomers found the situation exceedingly quiet, but not wearisome. Ned was excited and delighted for a time, and then was sadly homesick; but subsequently he settled down to steady work, dull but contented—or, rather, he might have been contented but for anxiety about his father and affairs at home; and although the hills back of Keyport were within sight from the top of the lighthouse, it was only at rare intervals that messages could be sent to and fro. The lighthouse supply-schooner anchored in the Horseshoe nominally once a month, but as the station kept a three months' stock of oil and provisions on hand, the schooner would sometimes pass them by with only an exchange of signals when the weather favored a run down the coast, letting them wait for their mail and their money until she returned.

One morning early in December Ben came down from the lantern and reported the schooner in sight, remarking, "The Hamilton is going outside." All went to have a look at her, but neither Ned nor his uncle could see any sign of her. Ben pointed up towards the Narrows, announcing, "There she is, running free, about half-way down the Swash."

There were eight or ten sail scattered along the Swash Channel, all looking like white specks in the morning sunlight, but the old sailor knew the Hamilton, and knew, too, what course she was taking. "She is sheeted off," he said; "if she was coming in the bay, she'd be close-hauled."

Ned was anxiously expecting a letter from home, and watched the schooner with fading hope until she passed the point of the Hook, dipping her flag as she went by. She ran down the beach at a ten-knot gait, standing close to shore, almost within hailing distance. The boy was sorely disappointed, but expressed his feelings only in a rather emphatic declaration that if he had any sort of a boat but their old tub of a batteau, he would go off to the schooner and get the mail.

"Don't be absurd!" exclaimed his uncle, who was also not a little disappointed. "What could you do with a boat in a surf running as high as a house?"

"If I had the stuff and the tools," said the young shipwright, "I'd build a little surf-skiff that would ride those rollers like a sea-gull."

From that moment the idea of building a surf-skiff occupied a prominent place in Ned's mind. He drafted plans for the daintiest little craft his skill could contrive, but he could do no more, as he had nothing to do with. There was then, as there is now, a dense cedar forest on the Hook, but the Government forbade cutting a stick of it, and although marauders came ashore and felled the finest trees, the light-keepers were obliged to obey the law.

There was no telegraph wire within twenty miles of the Hook until years after Ben Gannett had passed away, and ship news was signaled to New York by a semaphore, which it was one of the old man's duties to operate. There was a station near the Big Light from which Ben signaled the numbers of incoming ships to a corresponding station on Staten Island, and from there the signals were repeated to the Maritime Exchange at Whitehall. Ned learned the signal code, and before he had been on the Hook a month could use the semaphore twice as rapidly as the ancient mariner could, acquiring such skill after a time that he held quite extended talks with the Staten Island man, and sometimes even sent a few words to the station in New York. One afternoon he had just sent up the number of a Coleman packet coming in from around the Horn, when a message came back which he could not understand. The first word was "Send," and then something was spelled out, the numbers referring to letters, and, finally, a number

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meaning "Home" was signaled. Turning to the code-book, he found that the letters spelled his own name, and the message read "Send Osborne home."

It was a message of death. He knew as he closed the code-book that his father had passed away. His uncle expressed no doubt as to the significance of the call, but, giving him some money, only said, "I will row you over to the Highlands, and you can catch the steamboat for Red Bank. From there you will have to walk. It is twelve miles, but you can make it before midnight."

He did not have to walk all the way, getting a ride from Red Bank to Middletown, and was in Keyport by bedtime. His father had breathed his last during the previous night, and the house was in the hands of the neighbors, Mrs. Osborne being worn out with watching and grief. The boy had to take a man's part the next day, and every day thereafter, until the family affairs were settled as best they could be, with an inheritance of little but sorrow. The home was left, and a very pretty, comfortable home it was, and there was, fortunately, no debt after the last expenses had been paid, but neither was there any income. What to do for money to keep the family was the chief difficulty, but his mother presently recovered her exhausted energies and set herself to the work of taking boarders. As times were very dull in Keyport, Ned was unable to earn anything there, and so it was determined that he should return to the Big Light, the little pay his uncle could afford being just so much better than nothing.

When he got back to the Hook, the Hamilton was in the Horseshoe unloading stores. As there was no wharf or landing-place, the schooner was run ashore at half-tide and the stores were lowered over the side when the ebb-tide had run out, leaving the beach bare. The work had to be quickly done, so that the vessel could float off again with the next high water, and Ned arrived just in time to turn in and be of use. The oil burned in the lantern was the best sperm, and it was delivered in pipes made of teak. In returning an empty pipe to the schooner it slipped from the slings and fell on a sharp stone which punched a hole in one of the staves. The inspector condemned it as "unserviceable," and told Ned to knock out the broken stave, which he took with him as a voucher, the Lighthouse Board being very exacting in accounting for property. Ned noticed that the fiber of the wood held together where the stone struck it with astonishing tenacity, and he remarked to Ben that it must be tough stuff. "Yes," said Ben, "them oil-soaked staves is tougher'n rawhide."

Just the thing, thought the boy, to make ribs for my skiff! He had his father's tools with him, and that evening he set about the task of working one of the staves into boat-ribs. He found that, while the grain was straight and true, it would not split, and he was obliged to cut each strip carefully with a saw, the teak working very much like a thick piece of sole-leather. He dressed one strip down to about half an inch square, and was delighted to find that, by putting his weight on it, he could bend it in a circle without starting a fiber. Ben was much interested in the work, but could not believe that such light withes were intended for boat-timbers. "You can't fasten nothing to that rope-yarn," said he. "It wouldn't hold a fish-hook."

"A light copper rivet," said Ned, "would hold in that wood till the cows come home."

"Plenty of copper," answered the old man, "under that pile of dunnage in the corner of the woodshed. There's a box full of copper bolts and brass mountings I've saved out of wrecked stuff picked up 'longshore."

The next morning they overhauled the box, finding metal enough to make fastenings and fittings for a dozen boats, and Ned for the first time began to look upon his schemes of building a skiff as within possible reach. There was a quantity of wreckage in the woodshed, stored there for fuel, and although much of it was shivered and worthless, he found no difficulty in cutting out enough good, solid, sound oak for his floor-plank, stem, stern-piece, rails, and thwarts. He worked on the wood, eagerly but carefully, every spare moment during the day; and, while on watch at night, employed the long hours in making rivets, finishing each one accurately by a gauge. When his uncle and Ben saw how steadily he went on, and how skillfully he fashioned one part after another by scale-drawings, they began to have faith in his undertaking, and helped him as they could by taking his turn on duty and giving him more time with his tools. With all their aid it was a three weeks' job to get the material into shape, but when the last rivet was polished off, it required only a few days to put the frame together, and Ned had the satisfaction of celebrating New Year's by showing his companions the skeleton of his skiff.

At that point his work came to a halt. He had nothing to sheathe the boat with, and although he could have bought cedar streaks in Red Bank, he knew the need of money at home was too sore to permit his spending a penny. His uncle was greatly pleased with the frame and the admirable workmanship on it, and decided that if there was any downfall in the cedars sound enough for sheathing, Ned might be allowed to use it. After a discouraging search among the fallen and decayed old trunks, Ned was about to abandon the hope of finding anything, when he came across a log half sunk in an out-of-the-way corner of the swamp behind Spermaceti Cove. The swamp was frozen, and in digging out the log he found another one under it, and then a third still below the others. In short, the swamp proved to be a mine of cedar. Noble trees, overwhelmed by some great tempest driving the sea across the Hook, lay there in windrows, preserved by the swamp as sound as when first overthrown. His uncle and Ben bearing a hand, Ned got out two fine logs, and, with wooden wedges, split them up into streaks. Having more stuff than he needed, he selected the very choicest, and dressed out such sheathing as he had never dreamed he could afford, each streak perfect all the way through, two and a half inches wide, quarter of an inch thick on the outer edge, and beveled to a sixteenth on the other.

He worked all the month of January fashioning the lap-streaks to the dainty ribs, and, when the last rivet was clinched, he felt a glow of honest pride, rightly given by a good job well done.

Puzzles

SHAKESPEAREAN ENIGMA

It is composed of 55 letters, which form a couplet by Shakespeare.

"The better part of 40, 46, 14, 41, 10, 11 is discretion."
"She is a woman, therefore to be 44, 51, 28."
"Dead for a 43, 10, 1, 20, 16, dead."
"For stony 14, 42, 54, 48, 29, 12 cannot hold love out."
"The lady 26, 24, 17, 50, 55, 7, 47, 6 too much, methinks."
"52, 23, 1, 5, 48, 38 in weakest bodies strongest works."
"This is the very 27, 52, 34, 33, 32, 49, 8 of love."
"A king of 37, 45, 11, 13, 43, 37, and 35, 39, 50, 1, 31, 25, 34."
"Ay, every 48, 23, 1, 18 a king."
"Men shut their 43, 53, 41, 24, 7 against a setting sun."
"Put a tongue in every 30, 9, 10, 2, 43 of Cæsar's."
"Framed to make a woman 4, 36, 14, 6, 19."
"The 43, 22, 21, 42, 14 hath power to assume a pleasing shape."

OBSCURED SCIENTISTS

By Alice I. Hazeltine

1. See that long ray of white light.
2. I think George Martyn dallies with important duties.
3. Who ever heard a gas sizzle when it escaped from pressure?
4. The physician prescribed a new tonic.
5. He doesn't care to walk far a day like this.
6. I see that the Arabian Kohdar wins the races.
7. We are going to visit Lake Pleron if possible.

A CIRCLE OF WORDS

The last syllable of every word is the first syllable of the next, the last syllable of the eleventh being the first syllable of the first.

1. To accomplish. 2. Something to purify water. 3. An artificial bank of earth. 4. A track for horses. 5. A swift steed. 6. A humble commission. 7. Hazard. 8. A small block used in a common game. 9. A wanderer. 10. An impulsive, headstrong person. 11. All that a common head-covering can hold.

Answers

Poetical Quotations.—From "Maud:"

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown."

From "Idylls of the King:" 1. Merlin. 2. Elaine. 3. Astolat. 4. Launcelot. 5. Camelot. 6. Guinevere. 7. Geraint. 8. Enid. 9. Galahad. 10. Arthur.

Ten English Poets.—1. Byron. 2. Keats. 3. Scott. 4. Pope. 5. Cowper. 6. Shakespeare. 7. Chaucer. 8. Ben Jonson. 9. Coleridge. 10. John Gay.

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For the Little People

Little Sunflower

By Alice I. Hazeltine

We called our canary Little Sunflower, partly because he liked the sunshine so much and partly because, with his black cap and yellow neck-feathers, he looked a little like a sunflower himself. He was very tame. When we put our lips or teeth where he could reach them he would kiss us with his little pink bill, and when we let him out of his cage he would light on our arms or heads.

He liked to run around on the floor and get his white tail all dust, and to carry straws to the reflection of himself that he saw in the mirror; but what he liked best was to be allowed to come out of his cage at dinner-time. Then he would run for the salt, which he must not have, peck the yellow butter, help himself to bread, and perch on the edge of the glasses to drink a little water. When there were nuts on the table, birdie used to have a delightful time. Hopping on the dish that held them, he would spread out his pretty wings clear across it, making himself look very large, and say, "Quit, quit," when we tried to get some for ourselves.

One day Little Sunflower saw a dish of bright red currant jam. He perched on the dish and looked sharply at the jam with his round black eyes. I suppose he thought it looked very nice, for in he hopped into the middle of it. He didn't like it very long, though, for he began to sink down, and the jam made his wings so sticky that he could hardly struggle out. The poor little thing was very much frightened, and he looked so funny that we all laughed, and that frightened him all the more. When at last the sticky little bird had managed to get out, he rubbed off as much of the jam as he could on the table-cloth. He was ashamed of himself, and was glad to fly into his cage. But even there he was very uncomfortable, so we took him out to the kitchen sink to sprinkle him. We had done this a few times before when he had been naughty and would not take his bath. Then he had always looked cross and kept his feathers close together to keep the water out, but this time he was glad to be washed, and spread his feathers out to let the water reach them all.

The sprinkling made him feel better, but for two days he would not pay any attention to anything but his feathers, which still troubled him with being sticky. For ever so many weeks after that, when we showed him a dish of currant jam, or anything that looked like it, he would run away as fast as he could.

❀

Some Flying Folks

We ought to watch the insects that buzz and fly and hum about us these warm days. If we would watch them, study their ways, we would find them quite as interesting as people. Astonishing stories are told of bees. In the June "St. Nicholas" a story is told of some bees who lived in a garden. One morning the gentleman who owned them found that the bees living in one hive were greatly excited. He took the top off the hive, and found that the manufactured honeycomb that had been put in the hive to help the bees in their honey-making was broken, and hanging in the hive so that the bees could not use it. The gentleman mended the honeycomb with cord and closed the hive. He watched the bees from a distance, and saw that they went happily back to work. The next morning the bees were still happy and busy, but all about the hive was a fine white cotton fuzz. Where did it come from? He looked in the hive again, and found that the bees had mended the broken honeycomb with their own wax, and had carried away every particle of the cord. To do this it had to be picked out bit by bit, and that was the fuzz that was scattered on the clover before the hive.

Why is it that we are so afraid of bees? Those who know them well are not afraid of them, and say they never sting unless they are made angry. Some bees never sting. Would it not be wise to learn which bees sting and which do not?

Once in the country I lived next door to a man who owned about thirty hives of bees. All about, for two or three acres, clover grew, the beautiful white and purple crowns raising their heads above the green. The owner of these bees would walk through this clover with the bees flying and buzzing all about him. Some days his white shirt-sleeves were covered with the bees. If he stood under the trees a moment, the bees at once lighted on his arms. That summer I learned that bees knew color, and that some colors attracted them and others did not. There was a clumsy man who helped take care of the bees, and that man was stung every time he went near the hives. He usually stumbled in the grass, and he always seemed to hit the hives with his elbows, or bang against them with his shoulder, and those on the ground he always struck with his toe if he got near enough to them. The bees seemed to learn to dislike this man because of his disturbing qualities, and stung him.

This summer keep your eyes open and watch the tiny creatures about you, and learn to love them, as you must, if you watch them.

❀

Little Brother's Sister

She was out visiting for the first time with her little brother. He really was a little brother, for he wore long dresses. Lilly—that was the little girl's name—was very proud and fond of "brother," though he had lived at her house only six weeks. Still, perhaps it is not strange; if you have had a little brother come to your house, perhaps you learned to love him in a week, or even a day.

Lilly on this afternoon had been devoted to a doll in a long dress like her brother's. She had put it to sleep, she had rocked and talked to it, and been a real little mother all the afternoon, and when it was time to go away she did not want to give up the doll.

"Very well, Lilly; take the doll and we will keep brother," said a sweet lady. Poor Lilly threw down the doll and caught hold of her brother's dress, and did not let go of it until they were a block away from the house.

❀

The Bear's Trouble

Do you suppose that when a bear has a toothache it aches more than a small boy's tooth can ache? Perhaps it does, because it is bigger. Last week a pet bear in Brooklyn acted as if he had a toothache. Of course it would not do to take a bear through the streets whose tooth was aching, for a good-humored bear is an exciting animal to take through the streets, while a bear with a toothache would be a most dangerous animal. Have you not often heard the expression, "cross as a bear"? Now, that does not mean a bear with a toothache, at all; it means a bear who is perfectly well. You can imagine, then, what a bear with a toothache would be. You may be sure there was a good deal of anxiety in the family this bear belonged in when he showed the first symptoms of toothache. A bear with a toothache was an unknown animal. You could not put toothache-drops in his tooth; besides, you might put it in the wrong tooth. Phew! what do you suppose would happen then? You know how toothache-drops burn! You could not put a warm poultice on his jaw, for he would not understand that it was for his good. He would tear it off. There was nothing to do but to find a dentist willing to pull a bear's tooth. Well, where was the man to be found? Pull a bear's tooth! He was found. He came, with forceps and plugs and gags, and all the necessary things to pull a tooth, except the comfortable chair. That, of course, would not make affairs any easier for a bear. The dentist came, and got all ready to pull the tooth, when it was discovered that the bear did not have the toothache, but some other trouble. That was very comfortable for the bear. Yes, and for the dentist.

❀

He Has Decided

He is a tiny man, who has just come into the dignity of knickerbockers. He must have wanted knickerbockers very much, for he saved the money that bought them—saved all his pennies. He came in with his hat on the back of his head and his chubby hands in his pockets.

"What are you going to be, Johnny?"

"A soldier!" swelling out his little chest.

"And what else?"

"A man! I'm not going to be a little boy then. I'm going to be a man; I'm not going to be a little boy!"

❀

Morning

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

—*Robert Browning.*

❀

He Wandered Away

Do you suppose his mother had told him to stay at home? He did not stay. He wriggled out of the monkey-cage and wandered to the lions' cage and climbed up the bars. The lion put a great paw through the cage, and now there is one monkey less in that menagerie. A warning this should be to all little monkeys to keep in the cage where they belong, even if the big world outside does look very pretty, and seem to have lots of room; for there are lions in the big world, as well as flowers, which may hurt us, even if they do not eat us up.

❀

Papa's Story

Papa came hurrying home one night—
The fire was brisk and the lamps were bright—
And there in the bed, by mamma's side,
Was a flannelly bunch that squirmed and cried.
Such a queer little thing! But it grew and grew,
And we kept it and loved it, and now it's *you!*

—*The Youth's Companion.*

❀

Polly's Wish

I love my little doll, I do—
I love her like creation!
But I do wish she had a ti-
Ny bit of conversation.

—*Harper's Young People.*

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Sunday Afternoon

Sorrow God's Minister[1]

By Lyman Abbott

For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creation was made subject to decay, not wantonly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope; that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God.—Romans viii., 19-21.

I have modified the wording of the text from that both of the King James and Revised versions, in order to make it conform more closely to the original meaning as I conceive it to be.

It is impossible to read with any attentive care the Epistles of Paul without being impressed by the spirit with which he meets sorrow. And you must remember that Paul was not a poet, sitting in his study, surrounded by friends and luxuries, and poetizing about other people's sorrows; he was not a philosopher in his library, writing the philosophy of other people's griefs. Let me turn to his own biography:

Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.

Paul knew what sorrow was. Probably there is not a person in this congregation whose life has had in it more trouble crowded into thirty years than Paul had crowded into his thirty years.

Now, if you read with any care or attention Paul's Epistles, you must be struck, if not inspired, by the spirit with which he met trouble. Nowhere a note of repining; nowhere an inclination to escape or avoid sorrow. Sometimes he meets it with the note of defiance, as in the fifteenth of First Corinthians—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Sometimes he meets it with calm, quiet assurance and confidence: "Neither life, nor death, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creation, can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Sometimes he meets it with rejoicing; sorrow knocks at his door, and he flings the door open, saying: "Come, I have been looking for you; I am glad to welcome you; I rejoice in you." "We glory therefore in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." Sometimes he goes out seeking for sorrow, following after that he may overtake it, crying: "I have suffered the loss of all things that I may know Christ, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death."

Now, in our text, Paul gives the philosophy which underlies this experience: "The earnest expectation of the creation waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." For creation was made subject to vanity—that is, to transitoriness, to that which is the secret of almost all our sorrow, to the passing away of that which is dear to us, whether it be fame, or wealth, or friendship, or love, or whatever it is. God has made, he says, creation subject to this transitoriness of life; not wantonly, not in a spirit of willfulness, but in that by this very process of transitoriness the creation shall be redeemed, delivered from this bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God.

He starts where Job started, but he does not stop where Job stopped. Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward. As natural as it is for a spark to fly up from the fire, so natural is it for man to know sorrow. It cannot be evaded; it cannot be escaped. We are not to meet grief under the impression that we are put into this life to be happy, and every time that sorrow comes, it comes as an intruder. We are continually imagining that the goodness of God means happiness for his creatures; and that therefore, if unhappiness comes, either it means that there is not a good God, or else that that God has been set aside by the laws of nature, by some evil spirit in man or without him. No, says Job, we are born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward. So Paul says the creation was made subject to transitoriness. That is in the divine plan. Sorrow is interwoven into the fabric of life; God means tears. These tears are for a divine purpose. But they are not the expression of his wrath; they are not the special messengers of a divine indignation; he does not pick you out and send a burden upon you for a specific purpose. No, he puts humanity into a world of sorrow, because sorrow is the method by which character is to be developed. We are in the world in order that out of the processes to which we are subjected, including pain, the manifestation of the sons of God may be wrought; we are in the world that out of a lower order we may be brought up, step by step, into the liberty of the glory of the children of God; and the only steps by which the liberty of that glory can be won are steps of sorrow. Grief is God's educator. Trouble is God's minister to manhood. Therefore it is that Paul, looking for sorrow and upon death sometimes as though it were an enemy, says, I am not afraid of him; and sometimes says, You cannot separate me from love of God, I hold fast to that; and sometimes says, Come in, I welcome you, I am glad that you have come, because you are going to render me real service; and sometimes opens the door and goes out to sorrow and says, Come, I want you, I follow after, if that I may be conformed unto the death of Christ, and may have participation in his suffering. It is because this black-hued angel carries in his hand a gift that Paul wants—the gift of a divine manhood.

In the first place, then, suffering is a great teacher. We learn our best lessons in the school of suffering. We learn what truth is by suffering from error. We learn what holiness is by suffering from sin. And we especially learn the one great lesson of obedience. God does not pick out men and women and send them specific sufferings as the token of his special wrath or indignation; but he teaches, and he helps us to teach others; he builds us up, and he helps us to build up others, through the ministry of pain. We are all in a great forest; and the Christ calls to us, Follow me; and we say, We do not like the look of that path; it does not look very practicable; we will try this way, to the right; and Christ says, Very well, try the other way; and we try it, and we get in among the briers and brambles, and are wounded and bleeding, and come back again; and there stands the patient figure of Jesus, and he calls again, Follow me; and again we say, That looks as if it were a pretty steep hill—we will try this way to the left; and Christ says, Very well, try it; and pretty soon we get into the bog up to our knees; and we come back once more, and there still stands the patient figure saying, Follow me. So by trouble we learn the way of righteousness—that is, the way of obedience.

Could not God teach us these things without suffering? Could not he tell us? Has not he told us? How many years ago did he tell men, Thou shalt not steal! and in spite of all the penalty sent upon the human race because of dishonesty, still in the nineteenth century men do not know that honesty is the only path to prosperity. How many years ago did he say to men, Thou shalt not commit adultery! and through all these centuries, in spite of the penalties, still men have not yet learned that chastity is the condition of love, and unchastity strangles love and buries it. No, you cannot teach people by telling them. How we fathers and mothers try to do it! How we try to hand over our experiences to our children that they may know from us what we have learned through pain! But they have to go to the same school and learn the lessons where we learned them. The ferule hangs in

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, May 20, 1894. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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God's school-room, and there is no scholar who learns his lesson without it.

But it is not only the lessons of life, and it is not only this one great lesson of obedience in life, that God teaches through the ministry of suffering. The development of character cannot be save through pain and trouble. "Besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith courage, and to courage knowledge, and to knowledge self-control, and to self-control patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness love." How will you do that sum in addition? How will you add to your faith courage? There is only one way—by opposing danger. There is no conceivable way by which a man can acquire courage except by meeting and overcoming fear, for courage is the conquering of fear by a higher motive. He cannot conquer fear unless the fear is present; and fear is disagreeable. How will you add to courage patience? Look at the Greek word; you will find that it means "remaining under." There is only one way by which you can learn patience. It is by shouldering the burden and carrying it patiently. You cannot learn patience from a preacher in the pulpit—unless he preaches a long or a dull sermon on a warm day; and then you are carrying a burden. There is no way by which you can learn to bear a burden except by bearing it. It is the standing straight with the burden on the shoulder that makes one straight: as the German women put the load upon their head and then have to walk erect—I wish some school-girls could be taught like the German women for a little while. How are you to get self-control? Only by putting the lower nature under the higher one; and that is not a pleasant operation to the lower nature. Self-control is compelling the lower to serve the higher; and the lower does not like to be compelled to serve the higher. Only trouble will accomplish the gift of self-control. Godliness—one cannot be wafted into godliness; one cannot be sung into godliness; one cannot be rocked and cradled into godliness. Do you want to know who God is? Open your Bible and read some of the names by which he is called: "Comforter." Can you know what that means until you have known sorrow and God has come to comfort you in your sorrow? "Guide." Can you know what that means until you have been so distraught by perplexity that you can no longer see your path for yourself, and look to him for guidance? "Redeemer." Can you tell what that means until you have felt the chains upon your wrists, and he has come and set you free? "Saviour." Can you know what that means until you have felt the burden of a past sin in your own heart, and found out what salvation means by an experience of deliverance from that burden? No! there is no way in which character can be developed except through the experience of sorrow. We grow into heroism by facing danger; we grow into self-control by mastering the lower nature; we grow into patience by bearing burdens; we grow into godliness by learning the operations of God's nature, themselves born of suffering in God; we grow into brotherly kindness by entering through our sympathy into all human experience, and weeping with those that weep, as well as rejoicing with those that rejoice; and we learn love only when we have learned the meaning of self-sacrifice, for no one knows how to love who has not known how to sacrifice self for love's sake.

Nor can we take any part in the world's redemption except through the ministry of suffering. "For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." Christ himself could not be made perfect as a Captain of salvation except through suffering; and if you and I want to have any share in lifting sin off other men, any share in alleviating their wretchedness, any share in delivering them from the bondage of corruption, it is possible only through our entering into their suffering and sharing that suffering with them. Some of you remember how, in the earlier stages of the Civil War, a committee of Congressmen, known as the Committee on the War, undertook to sit in Washington and to keep the armies in the field; and some of you will remember what work was made until we got a Captain who was in the field where the battle was. When we put him there, then, and only then, had we victory.

Do you remember how, when our Lord came back from Perea to the house of Mary and Martha, first Martha and then Mary came, saying: "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died"? How many funerals I have attended, and met that horrible "if"! *If* I had done this thing, *if* I had done the other thing, *if* I had been a little wiser, *if* I had called the doctor a little sooner, *if* a different doctor had come, *if* the treatment had been something other, my brother had not died. O tortured soul, there is no "if" with God. God knows life and understands it. Your very blunders he takes into his hands and sanctifies, and makes them serve the ministry of his love. Or perhaps you are tortured by enemies; perhaps malice has followed you; perhaps enemies have hounded you, and you have said, This does not come from God; it has come from men; I know who sent it. Have you forgotten? Have you read your Scripture so superficially? Pilate and Caiaphas and Judas combined to slay the Christ. The treachery of one, the self-seeking of the other, the cowardice of the third, mixed the cup; but when it was presented in Gethsemane, do you remember what Christ said: "The cup which my Father giveth, shall I not drink of it?"

Oh, if we could but for a moment sweep away that curtain! If we could but for a moment listen and hear the songs of those who, a little while ago, were working and struggling at our side, now singing, Blessing, and honor, and power, and glory be unto the Lamb! If we could but for a moment tear this veil from our eyes and see those who are clad in white raiment! But we cannot. Still, we need not wait for that. Through our faith in God, our faith in immortality, our faith in life as God's ordaining, we even here and now may cry with Paul, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" We, like Paul, may call our troubles our friends, making them more than conquerors.

When the dark visage of sorrow knocks at our door, we, too, may fling the door wide open, saying, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord;" and if he knocks not, we will even go out, with Paul, and cry to sorrow, "Come back to us, and let us also have some share in the sufferings of our Lord, that we may have the power of his resurrection."

The Passage of the Red Sea[1]

By Lyman Abbott

In treating this lesson I consider not merely the verses assigned by the International Committee, but the entire chapter.

While there is some doubt as to the route which the children of Israel followed in their flight from Egypt, Dr. Brugsch has made it tolerably clear that their course was north of that which they were formerly supposed to have taken. The treasure-cities of Pithon and Rameses have been discovered. The remains of the great highway out of Egypt to the east have been found, a highway so bordered with marshes that no other route appears to have been practicable. The conformation of the country and the account in Exodus combined make tolerably clear the significance of this dramatic narrative. Without attempting in this article to trace the supposed march of the Israelites, we may quote from Diodorus his description of the region through which the Israelites passed in safety, and in which Pharaoh's army was swallowed up:[2]

"On the eastern side Egypt is protected in part by the Nile, in part by the desert and marshy plains known under the names of Gulfs or Pits. For between Colle-Syria and Egypt there is a lake of very narrow width, but of wonderful depth, and extending in length about two hundred stadia [twenty geographical miles], which is called Sirbonis; and it exposes the traveler approaching it unawares to unfore-

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for June 10, 1894.—Ex. xiv., 19-29.

[2] For the information of the unscholastic reader we may say that Diodorus was an ancient historian and biographer who lived and wrote about the time of Christ.

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seen dangers. For, its basin being very narrow, like a riband, and surrounded on all sides by great banks of sand, when the south winds blow for some time, a quantity of sand is drifted over it. This sand hides the sheet of water from the sight, and confuses the appearance of the lake with the dry land, so that they are indistinguishable. From which cause many have been swallowed up, with their whole armies, through unacquaintance with the nature of the spot and through having mistaken the road. For as the traveler advances, gradually the sand gives way under his feet, and, as if of malignant purpose, deceives those who have ventured on it, till at length, suspecting what is about to happen, they try to help themselves when there is no longer any means of getting away safe. For a man drawn in by the swamp can neither swim, the movements of his body being hampered by the mud, nor can he get out, there being no solid support to raise himself on. The water and sand being so mixed that the nature of both is changed, the place can neither be forded nor crossed in boats. Thus those who are caught in these places are drawn to the bottom of the abyss, having no resource to help themselves, as the banks of sand sink with them. Such is the nature of these plains, with which the name of gulfs or pits agrees perfectly."

We are to suppose, then, that the Israelites reached these marshes which form the northern arm of the Red Sea; that a strong east wind blowing all the night had driven back the waters, and made clear to the Israelites the passage of the marsh; that in the morning the wind changed the water's flow over the marshy soil, and the Egyptians, endeavoring to follow the Israelites, lost the road and were swallowed up in the quicksands. Was there, then, no miracle? That depends upon the answer to the question, What is a miracle? There was no violation of the laws of nature, but there was such a use of the forces of nature as accomplished the divine purpose and gave witness to the divine protecting presence and power.

This story has often been commented on, and it must suffice here to indicate very briefly some of the religious lessons which it suggests.

1. If we suppose that God then set aside the laws of nature for his chosen people, but does so no longer, we lose one of the most important lessons of this narrative. After the battle of Long Island, while Washington's army lay encamped on Brooklyn Heights, a fog settled over the city, which served as a veil under the concealment of which Washington's army escaped, and when the British moved to attack them in the morning, they found their foe gone. The Hebrew writer would have said that God sent a cloud between the advancing and retreating armies; and the Hebrew writer would have told the truth. I believe that the same God who guided and protected his people in olden times through what we call natural forces, still guides and protects them in the same way. The difference between Hebrew and American history is not that there is less of God in the world now than then, but that there was more vision of God in the Hebrew historians than there is, say, in the American journalist.

2. Napoleon's aphorism that God is on the side of the strongest battalions is practical atheism. Again and again in the history of the world a physically weak people, morally strong, have proved themselves more than a match for a physically strong people, morally weak. The three millions of slaves in America were not a strong battalion, but God was on their side.

3. Moses made a mistake into which devout souls often fall. God corrected it instantly. Moses said to the children of Israel, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." The Lord answered, "Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." It is not in standing still, but in going forward, that we may expect to see the salvation of the Lord. He works out our salvation for us only when we are working it out for ourselves. He who thinks he can get along without God, and he who thinks God will do all for him without his doing anything for himself, are greatly mistaken. The path of duty firmly trod is the path of divine salvation.

Books and Authors

Social Evolution[1]

This is one of those volumes of rare merit which occasionally, but only occasionally, appear, to change the aspect of a current discussion by giving to the sympathetic reader a new point of view. We note, indeed, some serious defects in it. We are not always able to follow the author in his line of reasoning. We are not able, for example, to see how the fact that a smaller number of children are born to parents of the higher classes tends to the deterioration of the class, and this conclusion appears to us necessary to the course of his argument in Chapter IX.; sometimes, as in Chapter III., he appears to assume that the political power really is in democratic States where it apparently is, with the majority, and sometimes, as on pp. 180–182, to assume that it really is with the wealthier, more intelligent, and more influential minority; sometimes he seems to us to use "rational" in its proper sense, and sometimes as equivalent to earthly self-interest, or the sensuous reason, with all belief in immortality left out of account. But these errors, though serious, are not fatal to the course of his argument. In some cases a mere change of phraseology would correct what is little more than an infelicity of phraseology, and in others a modification of statement would correct what appears to us like a confusion of thought. Waiving these criticisms, which are important, but not fatal to the value of the author's work, we essay the somewhat difficult task of giving our readers in this article an idea of this notable contribution to the science of social life. We must at the same time warn our readers that we give only an imperfect idea, and that the book before us is much more rich in suggestion and more significant in philosophy than this brief summary would lead him to suppose.

The scientific formula of evolution is expressed in the phrase, "Struggle for existence; survival of the fittest." This means, as applied to the human race, a remorseless competition, in which the stronger rise to the top, the weaker fall to the bottom, and the weakest die. This law, unchecked, works out the demolition of the inferior races, as in Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, and our own Indian and negro peoples (in respect to these last we think our author is misinformed as to the facts); it equally brings about the horrible conditions in our great cities to which all observers of modern life bear sorrowful and reluctant testimony—"the condition of life which the French emphatically call *La misère*." But if this law is pitiless, it is also immutable. It is in vain to cry out against competition. Competition is the scientific—that is, the divine—law of progress. "The races who maintain their places in the van, do so on the sternest conditions. We may regulate and humanize those conditions, but we have no power to alter them; the conflict is severest of all when it is carried on under the forms of the highest civilization." Thus we have in operation a law which tends to develop an elect few by the process of competition, and to deteriorate and even destroy the many. The interest of the many is, therefore, against this law; the social evolution of the race appears to be in antagonism to the evolution of the individual. But this is apparent rather than real, for the inevitable result of the operation of this law, if it were the only force in social development, would be the practical death of the human race. A few highly bred but practically useless individuals might be left at the top, though history proves them incapable of perpetuating their kind; but the great mass of society would be relegated to a condition, not merely of arrested development, but of corruption and decay—social, intellectual, and moral. This is the inevitable issue of the so-called Manchester school—the school of Individualism—which leaves competition to work out its natural results, in the faith that the unhindered law of competition will bring every man to his rightful place; or, rather, this would be the issue if the law were left to work out its results unhindered. But that is quite impossible. For it is the very

[1] *Social Evolution*. By Benjamin Kidd. Macmillan & Co., New York. $2.50.

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essence of this school to give all men an equal share in political power; and by the exercise of political power, under sage leadership, the social and industrial conditions can and will be changed. So soon as the majority learn that remorseless competition means the death of the unfittest, and learn that the unfittest are in the majority, they will use, or endeavor to use, their power to change the social organization. Thus there arises a second school, created in self-defense by the hard conditions of their life —the Socialistic, which aims to put an end to competition, or to take from the successful competitors the prizes they have won. But this school, no less than the other, is fatal to progress. For competition is the law of progress; and if competition could be abolished, the human race would be brought to a standstill. Thus, whichever way we look, there is social death: in the one direction death by the decay of the many in a process which has produced an elect few, whom history has proved to be incapable of perpetuating their kind; in the other case death by the cessation of competition and emulation, which are the necessary conditions of energy and growth.

And to this pessimistic conclusion the candid observer of the human race would inevitably be brought, were it not for an element which the purely intellectual philosopher too often leaves out of account, but which the candid student of history discerns to be a most potent, if not the most potent, factor in human development. This factor is religion; as operating in that portion of the human race which alone has made any continuous progress, the Christian religion. That religion involves two elements: the first, what our author calls "an ultra-rational sanction for social conduct in the individual"—and it is this use of the word rational which we think is ambiguous and infelicitous; the second, the altruistic sentiment. To translate these philosophic terms into Scriptural language, the first is faith, the second love. The super-rational sanction was developed chiefly during the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era; the altruistic sentiment received its chief impulse in the great awakening of humanity historically known as the Reformation. The first is not, in our judgment, super-rational, but it is super-sensuous and supermundane. It recognizes something higher than self-interest as a motive; something higher than happiness as an end; something higher than one's own self-will as an authority. It may find the interpreter of that authority with Newman in a Church, or with Spurgeon in a Bible, or with Martineau in a conscience, or with Briggs in all three; but it will recognize it as supreme and final, a truly superhuman and divine Voice. And the second, kindled and inspired into activity by this Voice, will recognize the rights and interests of others as of equal weight with one's own, as an equal object of solicitude and concern, and the interests of society as of superior weight, and will be willing, through self-sacrifice, to serve the social order and the future life of the race, or, to use again the Scripture phraseology, the Kingdom of Heaven.

We have not attempted to follow the line of Mr. Kidd's argument, still less to incorporate in this brief and imperfect summary the historical illustrations with which he both elucidates and enforces his reasoning. A striking illustration of the latter is his insistence on the intellectual superiority of the Greek over the Anglo-Saxon race, and his quotation from Mr. Galton: "The average ability of the Athenian race is, on the lowest possible estimate, very nearly two grades higher than our own—that is, about as much as our race is above that of the African negro." The Greek race perished, as a race, not for want of intellectual endowment, but for want of religion—a religion involving loyalty to the divine Voice within, and a spirit of regard and helpfulness to his neighbor. Nor do we attempt to give the corollaries which Mr. Kidd suggests rather than elaborates; as, for example, that the object of social reform must be, not to prevent competition, but to give all men a truly equal chance in the competitions of life—as by providing, at the expense of the community, an equal education for all who can take advantage of it, and, we may add, by both political and industrial changes, a better equalization of wealth, that the children of one class may not be corrupted by luxury, nor those of the other destroyed by want and paralyzed by despair. It would be unjust to other writers to treat Mr. Kidd's contribution as though it were wholly original. Other writers, approaching this subject in a similarly scientific spirit, have recognized the necessity of religion to social development. Émile Laveleye has laid stress on the super-mundane sanction, and Herbert Spencer on the necessity of the altruistic spirit. Writing last summer to the Chicago Congress of Evolutionists, the latter says:

> It is true that much social evolution is achieved without any intention on the part of citizens to achieve it, and even without the consciousness that they are achieving it. The entire industrial organization, in all its marvelous complexity, has arisen from the pursuit by each person of his own interests, subject to certain restraints imposed by the incorporated society; and by this same spontaneous action have arisen also the multitudinous appliances of industry, science, and art, from flint knives up to automatic printing-machines, from sleighs up to locomotives—a fact which might teach politicians that there are at work far more potent social agencies than those which they control. But now observe that, just as these astonishing results of social evolution could never have arisen if men's egoistic activities had been absent, so, in the absence of their altruistic activities, there could never have arisen and cannot further arise certain higher results of social evolution. Just as the egoistic feelings are the needful factors in the one case, so the altruistic feelings are the needful factors in the other; and whoever supposes the theory of evolution to imply that advanced forms of social life will be reached, even if the sympathetic promptings of individuals cease to operate, does not understand what the theory is.

Thus Mr. Kidd is in the line of precedent writers on this subject.

The merit of his book is that he brings out clearly the moral and spiritual factors in social evolution, which most scientific writers have done little more than recognize in an incidental manner; that he shows them to be absolutely and vitally essential to social progress; that he does this in so purely scientific a spirit that in the earlier portions of his work the reader is not clear to what result he is being conducted; and that he mediates between Individualism and Socialism, not by the common and very unsatisfactory method of taking something from both, in the vain hope of finding truth, where it is never found, in a purely eclectic philosophy, but by pointing out the radical and fundamental errors in both, when offered as complete and comprehensive solvents of the social problem, and by clearly indicating the direction in which philosophy must look to supply the defects.

The Athenæum Press, which is intended "to furnish a library of the best English literature from Chaucer to the present time, in a form adapted to the needs of both the student and the general reader," tentatively fulfills the promise of its announcement by the volume of *Selections from the Essays of Francis Jeffrey*, edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Mr. L. E. Gates, of Harvard University. This volume was well worth doing, because of the intrinsic interest of the subject which it presents, and because of the excellence with which the work is done. The defects of Jeffrey's criticism have been emphasized to such a degree that his importance as an English critic and his singular gifts have been almost forgotten. Mr. Gates, in his introduction, recognizes his services, and sets him in right relations to his time and to English criticism. The introduction, which fills nearly fifty pages, is an excellent piece of discriminating and scholarly work, pointing out very clearly Jeffrey's characteristics, giving an account of his connection with the "Edinburgh Review," and furnishing the reader with the material for a first judgment of one of the most versatile and brilliant writers in modern English literary history. A series of excellent selections from Jeffrey's essays is then introduced, with a chronological list of the essays, with some carefully prepared and intelligent notes, and with other information relating to Jeffrey's life. The study of English has for a number of years been very diligently and successfully conducted at Harvard University, and this little volume is one of the fruits of the intelligent method and the interest which have been developed in that institution. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

The volatility of Mr. Arthur Lillie is astounding. A while ago he was bound up heart and soul in revealing the long-lost or long-concealed truth that the Christian Church was derived from

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Buddhism. That boon to the world did not exhaust Mr. Lillie's fund of pure benevolence, for now he goes on to show us that Spiritualism is the real religion for rational beings. With a delightful mental suppleness and intricacy, he manages to talk about Buddha, Swedenborg, Mme. Guyon, Saint-Martin, Colonel Olcott, Mrs. Besant, Boehme, and every one else, not omitting the bishops, foolish creatures! because they have favored the "Society for Psychical Research." "The Teacup cult," as Mr. Kipling has termed it, comes in for its share of the writer's contempt. Mr. Moses—auspicious name!—had a familiar spirit who called himself *Imperator*, for it costs no more to call himself *Imperator* than *Rex*, or President. Hence this book, *Modern Mystics and Modern Magic: Containing a full Biography of the Rev. William Stanton Moses.* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) It is a book to make your head swim, so agile is the writer. The narrative is a *tour de force* of hop, skip, and jump. It is in the style of a prophecy from the Sibyl, with the coherence of Mahomet's chapters written on marrowbones; it is corybantic.

Wayside Sketches, by Mr. Eben Loomis, is a good but not a great book. His nature-description is pleasant, but rarely inspiring. If he would but take a course in Thoreau, John Burroughs, André Theuriet, and James Lane Allen, he too might thrill his audience as they do theirs. Mr. Loomis writes entertainingly, but his work bears that singular lack which gives the unfortunate and perhaps untrue impression that the author has not been entirely absorbed in his great subject. He does not seem unconsciously to burst forth with the song that is in him. There is even a suspicion that he may have looked up a word in the dictionary. It is not surprising, then, that, of the two, his prose is better than his poetry. Mr. Loomis has done Washington folk a real service in his description of the country in their immediate neighborhood. And he has done other neighborhoods in Massachusetts or in Florida a good turn as well. The Outlook congratulates itself that two of the best of these papers, namely, "My Neighbors in the Attic" and "The Coming of Autumn," have appeared in its columns. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

There are very few men living so well equipped to speak authoritatively of Tennyson as Stopford Brooke, because there are very few Englishmen who unite such true insight, such broad sympathies, and such a genuine instinct for literature. Mr. Brooke's *Study of Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life*, is an eminently readable and intelligible piece of interpretative and critical work. It deals in a very satisfactory fashion with the religious side of Tennyson's thought and nature, and it points out very clearly the peculiar form which the expression of his thought and nature took in his art. So far as the definite thought goes, Mr. Brooke traces it to the sources which influenced Tennyson, as well as to the peculiar conditions of the time. Naturally, the subject of immortality is a central theme in Mr. Brooke's discussion. Tennyson's attitude toward it is very clearly pointed out. Lovers of Tennyson will find in this volume very much that is new and suggestive; it is by far the best book which has yet appeared on the Poet Laureate's work. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The second volume of *English Prose*, edited by Henry Craik, covers the period from the sixteenth century to the Restoration, beginning with Francis Bacon and ending with Ralph Cudworth. This was a critical period in English prose—the period of transition from the great age of Elizabeth, with its immense creative energy, to the age of the Restoration, which, while it was, on the intellectual and spiritual side, an age of decadence, was, on the side of form, so far as English prose is concerned, an age of great advance and development. The volume comes to an end on the very threshold of the evolution of English prose into a clear, lucid, and powerful instrument of expression. A collection which includes Francis Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, Izaak Walton, Thomas Fuller, Lord Clarendon, John Milton, Jeremy Taylor, and Abraham Cowley, presents a store of the richest material, so far as thought and imagination are concerned, in the whole range of English literature. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Not often does the writer of a book of reminiscences combine the possession of such excellent material as General Dabney H. Maury has accumulated in his varied and picturesque career with the inborn faculty of telling a story with point, humor, and grace. *The Recollections of a Virginian* is more than readable; it is fascinating. We concur heartily with Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's *dictum*, "Geniality, heartiness, simplicity, humor, natural sweetness, nobility of purpose, and high-hearted, old-fashioned gentility, shine from every page." General Maury "went with his State," but there is nothing here offensive to those who fought against him. His spirit is soldierly and manly throughout. His personal gossip about McClellan, "Stonewall" Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, and many others is fresh, and in some instances really throws new light on the character and personality of the men. Incident and anecdote abound. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Literary Notes

—It is rumored that Mr. Joseph Jefferson is at work on an edition of "Rip Van Winkle," with illustrations by himself.

—The Japanese have developed a veritable craze for English literature. Many of our standard works of fiction have lately been translated into their language. The ten-cent paper editions of Charles Dickens's novels are special favorites.

—It is said that the unlimited competition of pirated American editions of Miss Beatrice Harraden's very successful story, "Ships that Pass in the Night," has brought down the price of the book to five cents a paper copy, and that it has finally been offered in syndicate form to country newspapers.

—A dispatch from Florence announces that the furniture and other portable property of "Ouida" (Louise de la Ramée) has been sold there at auction, the Americans and English being the best buyers. The library was divided and sold in small lots. Many manuscripts were purchased at high prices by the bidders.

—It was the intention of Taine to collect and publish his papers which have appeared since the "Nouveaux Essais" were put forth, and his literary executors have the work in hand. The book will include essays on various subjects of historical and critical interest, and there are special studies of Schopenhauer, Bain, Herbert Spencer, George Sand, and Sainte-Beuve.

—Mr. Keighley Snowden, one of the "coming" English writers and the delineator of the lives of West Riding dales folk, is only thirty-four years old. Mr. Snowdon's grandfather is pictured under the name of Binnie Driver in "Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds," and the author says that he will show him yet more plainly in the new version of "John o' Jackie Lad."

—"The Chap-Book," exquisitely published by that enterprising young firm, Messrs. Stone & Kimball, of Cambridge and Chicago, is the latest addition to the class of literary magazines which are now such admirable features of some of the great book-firms. The "Chap-Book's" most admirable features are a poem by Mr. Charles Roberts, a criticism of the poet Francis Thompson by a better poet, Bliss Carman, and a charming little sketch by Maria Louise Pool.

—M. Alphonse Daudet has written to the author of the "Life of St. Francis of Assisi," M. Paul Sabatier, as follows: "For long nothing has moved me so deeply as this lofty and simple story. Apart from religious ideas altogether, I set it above Renan's narrative of the life of Jesus, because with him the literary element is too apparent, and seems very thin when the subject spoken of is divine. There is art, no doubt, in your book, but the art is concealed, and it is not until one has been moved and overwhelmed by this noble poem of renunciation, of goodness, of charity, that one remembers that the book is well written. How dearly I should love to know you!"

—Captain Alfred Mahan, of the United States cruiser Chicago, seems to be the best-dined man of our day. One of the last feasts in his honor has been given by the English publishers of his works, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., in the course of which Mr. Marston announced that the French translation of Captain Mahan's "History of Sea Power" had been completed, and that the German translation was progressing rapidly. In his own speech the Captain said that he was engaged in the preparation of a third section of naval history, reaching to 1815 and covering the career of Lord Nelson. The author's new volume will indeed be fortunate if it can elicit more of such unwonted praise from the London "Times" as greeted the publication of the first volumes of the "Sea Power."

—That deservedly successful author of "The Stickit Minister" and "The Raiders," the Rev. S. R. Crockett, says: "I look on Scott as my master, after Stevenson; indeed, Scott is the master of us all. . . . What people want nowadays, you may notice, is something objective. Look at Kipling and Barrie. . . . The day of the subjective is over for the present." The Galloway district, which Mr. Crockett describes, lies north of the Solway Firth and includes the counties of Wigtown and Kirkendbright, in the latter of which is Castle Douglas, a few miles from Lowriestone. Mr. Crockett was born at Duchrae, near New Galloway, in 1859. His father was a farmer. In 1868 the family went to live at Castle Douglas, and still reside there. After his Edinburgh and Oxford days Mr. Crockett published a book of verse entitled "Dulce Cor, the Poems of Ford Bereton." In 1886 he went to the little hill town of Penncuik as its minister, and has been there ever since. In 1887 he was married.

[For list of Books Received see page 981]

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The Religious World

Baptist Anniversaries

As we write, the Baptist anniversaries are in session at Saratoga. Saratoga seems, indeed, to be a kind of American Mecca. During this month of May both Presbyterians and Baptists have gone there in great numbers. We confess that, for ourselves, the Baptist gathering this year has far more that pleases than the Presbyterian, since the latter has been turned into a church court for the trial for heresy of one of the noblest of its theological professors, while the Baptists have been occupied with the consideration of plans for aggressive Christian work. At the sixty-second annual meeting of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, among those who have already made addresses, we notice the names of General T. J. Morgan, Corresponding Secretary; the Rev. H. W. Tilden, of Iowa, who spoke on "Our Western Work Just Begun;" the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D., whose subject was "The Regeneration of a Race," referring to the freedmen of the United States; the Rev. Alexander Blackburn, of Massachusetts, who read a paper on "Our Church Editors' Work." The second session of the American Baptist Education Society was opened with an address by the Rev. W. F. Taylor, of Seattle. President Andrews, of Brown University, spoke on "The Duty of Baptist Institutions to Higher Education." He said that within the last twenty-five years a new field of education had grown up. The high schools of the country are so much better than they were before the war that one can scarce find heart to ask parents to send their children to denominational schools. Though Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and other colleges and universities have broadened their curricula, until the founding of the University of Chicago the Baptists had no institution which gave a liberal course of the new pattern. The Baptists have been handicapped for a century by the declaration of Isaac Backus that "an educated minister is a proud man;" but they are outgrowing that heresy. Two addresses which attracted attention were those of the Rev. Dr. N. E. Wood, of Brookline, Mass., and President Harper, of Chicago. The former deplored the fact that secular teachings are supplanting Christian in our colleges and schools, so that now if a young man leaves their doors unconverted he seldom becomes a Christian afterward. The educational institutions are no longer allies in the missionary work; they are drifting to other foundations than those which the fathers laid. President Harper declared that secular instruction is unchristianizing the universities, and agreed with Dr. Wood that an agnostic has no place in a professor's chair. At the election of officers for the ensuing year W. J. Northen, of Georgia, was chosen President, and the Rev. Dr. H. L. Morehouse, of New York, Corresponding Secretary.

Dr. Ecob and His Church

There has been much speculation during the past year as to the ultimate course of the Rev. Dr. Ecob, of the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany. Immediately after the condemnation of Professor Briggs Dr. Ecob announced to his church that he could not remain a minister in the Presbyterian Church; but during the year, out of regard for others who sympathized with him but were not ready to go with him, he has refrained from further action, until the present meeting of the Assembly. On Monday evening, May 21, however, he presented his letter of resignation to his church, with the urgent request that it should be accepted. The letter was full of kindness, and yet outspoken and earnest, as all his utterances are. We quote from the letter: "As you well know, the causes lie entirely outside and beyond our control. The attitude of our denominational courts toward the ministry renders it absolutely imperative upon me, in self-respect and good conscience, to withdraw from such unconstitutional dictation, and from any apparent consent to such an intolerant and destructive use of our system of government." The resignation was accepted, and three very outspoken resolutions were adopted. Two, at least, of these resolutions ought to be read far and wide, and we therefore print them in full. They are as follows:

Second, That we place on record our deep sense of personal affection for him, and of gratitude to God for the good work wrought in the past fourteen years of devoted service. We have greatly loved our pastor for his tender sympathy, his purity of purpose, and the transparent honesty of his thought and life. We have recognized the vital power of his ministry in his reverence for the Word of God, and in setting before us Jesus of Nazareth, the divine Christ, always present as our Brother and Leader. We shall always have reason to be grateful for the clear and inspiring views of divine truth which have been opened to us by his preaching, and for the plain and fearless application of that truth to present duty and all the relations of life, both public and private. We bear witness that under this ministry the church has been largely increased, both in numbers and in spiritual strength.

Third, That from such a pastor we are not willing to be separated, except as we are urged by a profound respect for his convictions of duty, which we cannot ask him to disregard. We sympathize fully with his attitude of dissent and protest, in view of recent acts of the General Assembly, which we cannot accept as binding. But, since he will feel more free as a minister of Christ when released from his present relations, we consent with sorrow to the severance of this official tie, yet with the confident trust that his voice will continue to be heard with its accustomed power in the Christian pulpit.

After the adoption of the above resolutions another was adopted, we believe with a unanimous vote, asking Dr. Ecob to act as a supply for the pulpit for an indefinite period. We are assured by one who was present that the meeting was one of the most harmonious and remarkable in the history of the church. The chapel was packed with thoroughly representative people, and the resolutions in Dr. Ecob's behalf were passed with enthusiastic cheers. Many of the oldest and most honored members of the church expressed themselves with the greatest enthusiasm. When the meeting broke up, it practically adjourned to the house of the pastor, where a love-feast was celebrated.

The Second Presbyterian Church and Other Churches

The Second Presbyterian Church of Albany has set an example to other Presbyterian churches. The dissatisfaction in the Presbyterian Church is not, as many have supposed, confined to a few ministers; it is very deep-seated among intelligent and earnest laymen, and yet they are not as much affected by the action of the Assembly as are the ministers. The Second Church in Albany, if we understand its action correctly, has divided the responsibility with its pastor, and thus set an example that other churches similarly situated ought to follow. We make no statement concerning churches satisfied with the action of the Assembly. There is the same reason on their part for loyalty to its utterance that there is demand for its repudiation on the part of those who do not agree with it. The point we emphasize is this: The churches which agree with their ministers ought to sustain them. All through the country are large numbers of churches no more in sympathy with the deliverances of the Assembly than the church in Albany. Let them squarely say so. The cause of true religion is not helped by the stifling of honest convictions, and the Presbyterian Church of the United States is not made stronger by the presence of those who are no longer in sympathy with it. It must be supposed by none that Dr. Ecob is unevangelical; his preaching is profoundly positive and spiritual. He has no time for negations, and, more than most men, preaches the great doctrines of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The question is a question of liberty and of interpretation of the standards. Dr. Ecob has done a great work in Albany, and his influence will be no less positive now that he has chosen an independent position. As to what his denominational connections will be in the future we have at present no information.

Bishop Littlejohn and His Diocese

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the erection of the diocese of Long Island and of Bishop Littlejohn's consecration was celebrated during the week ending May 19. The service began at the cathedral in Garden City on Tuesday, May 15. Four bishops from other dioceses and the rectors of nearly every parish on Long Island were present. Numerous addresses from corporate bodies were presented—from the standing committees of Long Island and New York, the Church University Board of Regents, the incorporators of the cathedral, and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. At a service held in the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, Bishop Potter, of New York, delivered the sermon, and a congratulatory address on behalf of the laity was presented. On May 16, at St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, a reception was given by the Church Club of Long Island. During the service of Bishop Littlejohn the number of churches and chapels has been doubled, 55,000 persons have been baptized, 34,000 confirmed, and the total amount of contributions for all objects in the diocese has nearly reached the large sum of $13,000,000. The

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Bishop deserves and has received the hearty congratulations of many others besides the members of his own communion.

Dr. Barrett's Address

No feature of the Nonconformist life of Great Britain is more prominent than the address of the Chairman of the Union of England and Wales. We have nothing like it in this country. When the General Assembly, the General Conference, or the National Council meets, there is no one utterance which is so representative, or which appeals to so many people in proportion, as the annual address from the chair of the Union does in Great Britain. The Chairman is chosen very largely with reference to his ability for such utterance. Among the more prominent addresses of recent years have been those by Dr. Parker in 1884, whose subjects were "Orthodoxy of Heart" and "The Larger Ministry;" Dr. John Brown's, on "The Historic Episcopate" and "The Historic Christian People;" Mr. Albert Spicer's, on "The Pulpit as Seen from the Pew." The Chairman for the present year is the Rev. George S. Barrett, D.D., of Norwich, one of the most cultured and spiritual ministers in England. For more than twenty-five years he has ministered to one church, and the work which he has accomplished is recognized throughout the island. The fitness of his election to the lofty position of Chairman was unquestioned. He chose for the subject of his first address "The Secularization of the Pulpit," and announced that his second address, which will be delivered in the autumn, would be on "The Secularization of the Church." The address just delivered should be read by all ministers with the greatest care. We summarize its main points:

While recognizing the importance of the enrichment of the Church service, Dr. Barrett said it would be an evil day for the Nonconformist churches if preaching is ever regarded as a matter of small importance to the spiritual life. He said that the cry for short sermons is a mistaken one, and that the power of the pulpit in the free churches is only another name for the power of God. While acknowledging the importance of social questions to the material welfare of the people, he thought there was danger of their being allowed to monopolize the attention of the pulpit, and great danger of identifying Christianity with crude socialistic schemes. He would not have less done for man in this world, but would have more direct recognition of the fact that all power for the service of man must come from the recognition of God. "The love of man is always the child of the love of God. Only as we are faithful to Jesus Christ, and him crucified, shall we save men here as well as hereafter." While not unmindful of the advance which has been made in the quality of preaching in the line of directness and clearness, he thought there was danger of considering subjects which are of secondary importance, which lie around the circumference of the Christian revelation, which concern its literature, its poetry, or its ethics, rather than the great theme of the Gospel. There is danger of a narrow conception of what the Gospel really means. It is not so much our thought about God as God's revelation of himself that touches the deepest chords in the conscience and heart of man.

This address of Dr. Barrett was in every way worthy of the occasion and of the man. While saying this, we must add that we do not feel the force of his appeal against the secularization of the pulpit. To us it seems as if the tendency to present the "high themes" of the Gospel is growing, and that the very intensity of interest in social subjects is a sure sign of a truer, and therefore clearer, vision of God.

A Great Missionary

Those who imagine that the ablest ministers seldom if ever enter the foreign missionary service need only study the list of those who have gone to the foreign field to see how sadly they are mistaken. Among the strong men of our time, whether measured by their eloquence or their achievement, few occupy a more prominent place than that which Dr. Griffith John, of China, has won for himself. Under date of May 10, the "Independent" of London contains a portrait and appreciative sketch of Dr. John. The special occasion which called out this sketch is his proposed visit to his native land, and the fact that for the second or third time the Congregational Union of England and Wales has in vain offered him its highest honor by electing him its Chairman. Dr. John was born in Swansea, Wales, in 1831. In 1853 he was on his way to Shanghai. During all the years since then he has been a tireless leader in missionary activity. When he went to China, there were twenty-five missionaries; the number has since been increased to one hundred and twenty. While at Shanghai he made frequent missionary tours to distant cities of the Celestial Empire. The main work of his life has been at Hankow, an emporium in central China, 780 miles from the coast. "Dr. Mullens, when he visited Hankow, described it as the finest missionary center in the world, people from eighteen different provinces coming there for business purposes." There a fine house of worship has been erected, which is a center of wide missionary activities. Dispensaries have been established, medical missionaries sent out, and a school for the training of converts started. We can only mention the great work which this intrepid man has accomplished, both among natives and Europeans. His labors on the translation of the New Testament have been immense. During the meeting of the American Board at Worcester, the present writer asked one who had been a missionary in China who was the leading missionary of all the denominations in that Empire. The reply was, "Griffith John." We believe this answer would be heartily approved by all who have the record of Dr. John's remarkable life. It has been published in a volume under the title of "Griffith John: Founder of the Hankow Mission." We do not know whether the book has been republished in this country, but in England it is published by Partridge & Co. More than forty years this great and honored servant of Christ has been at work in the Chinese Empire. If he lives to return to his native land in 1895, he will receive such a welcome from the Christians of Great Britain as belongs to one of the noblest heroes of our time.

The General Assembly

From a Special Correspondent

Three important events mark the proceedings of the second week of the one hundred and sixth Presbyterian General Assembly, now in session at Saratoga. These are: (1) the adoption of the report for the closer control of the theological seminaries; (2) the affirmation of the judgment of suspension from the ministry passed upon Henry Preserved Smith by the Cincinnati Presbytery; (3) the appointment of a committee to undertake the reorganization of Lane Theological Seminary, the disapproval of a professor-elect at that institution, and the removal of the ban laid upon Lane Seminary by the Washington General Assembly. Other business of minor importance was disposed of—the approval of the plan to build a new Presbyterian House for the missionary boards at Twentieth Street and Fifth Avenue, the formal disapproval of the Blakeslee system of Sunday-school lesson leaflets, and the holding of memorial services to mark the extraordinary increase in the number of communicants received during the year by the churches on confession of faith, the number being 72,000—thirteen thousand in excess of the record of any other year. Besides these matters, the time of the Assembly was devoted to routine reports and addresses.

The report on seminary control was adopted on Tuesday, the vote being 437 to 116. By this action a committee of fifteen will be named to confer with the seminaries as to changing their charters so as to give the Assembly further rights of approval and disapproval of professors-elect and of directors-elect, and so as to give the Assembly trusteeship in the funds and properties, with power to seek to enforce these rights in the civil courts. The action taken, as explained last week, is simply advisory, as the important seminaries are civil corporations, and are legally independent of the Assembly. But the moral effect will be to force the alternative upon the seminaries of making the changes advised, or of seeming to be in antagonism to the General Assembly. The liberals made a vigorous fight against the adoption of this report. In this the friends of Auburn Seminary led. Their efforts failed, but they secured the insertion of a clause which seems to relieve that institution from the operation of the rule as to the power of the Assembly to veto the choice of its directors. Against the action on the report the minority entered their formal protest, which will be placed upon the minutes of Assembly.

The hearing of the appeal of Professor Smith began Thursday afternoon, and continued without interruption until Saturday afternoon, when the vote was taken. Much time was saved by a waiver of some technical points. Professor Smith opened his case with a three-hour speech in which he reviewed the specifications of error on which the appeal was based. Four of these had to do with the evidence on which the charges rested. Seven were directed against the proceedings in the lower court, and one was as to the penalty—suspension from the ministry. His argument on the technical points of procedure were that the Presbytery erred, and the Synod erred in sustaining the Presbytery, in (1) allowing members of the Presbytery to sit in judgment in the case after they had published opinions on his guilt; (2) in entering upon the judicial inquiry of the case in an irregular and unconstitutional manner.

As to the charges, Professor Smith presented a clear, bold, and

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convincing defense of his views on inspiration and inerrancy. Charge 2 alleged that he taught "that the Holy Spirit did not so control the inspired writers in their composition of the Holy Scriptures as to make their utterances absolutely truthful." This charge, he held, had not been sustained, because it "was not supported by any showing that the doctrine formulated was a fundamental doctrine of the Scriptures or of the Confession." He held that the doctrine of the Confession upon which the charge was based had to do, not with the Scriptures as we now have them, but with the so-called original autographs. The charge had to do, not with the organs of revelation, but with the writers of Scripture. The teaching of the Confession was that the original autographs contained nothing but the absolute truth. It was, therefore, incumbent upon the prosecution to show that inerrancy of the autographs was a fundamental doctrine. Fundamental doctrine means fundamental to the Scriptures and to the Confession of Faith. The tests of fundamental doctrine are tests which can be applied apart from our individual preference. A fundamental doctrine may be ascertained by certain marks, and by these marks any one must say that the doctrine of election is fundamental. No such doctrine is clearly formulated in the Confession itself, nor in the judicial decisions of the Church Courts (until that of 1893). It is asserted in no one of the Reformed creeds. It was not found in the Confession by the Committee on Revision, for they proposed to amend the chapter on Holy Scripture by inserting a clause on the truthfulness of the history as well as the faithful witness of prophecy and miracle. Nor is it abundantly asserted in Scripture. It is not one of the truths and forms with respect to which men of good character and principles may not differ.

Said Professor Smith, in closing on this topic:

> The doctrine of inspiration held by the Committee, and which has prompted them to bring these charges, is one widely held in our Church. The affirmation of the inerrancy of the autographs is naturally attractive to the reverent mind, because it *seems* to guard what we hold dear, while it offers relief from some perplexities. Some of us have learned it at the feet of honored teachers. I understand very well the comfort this theory gives to many believers. I should be glad to hold it myself, did I see my way clear to hold it. . . . Whether, if we were making a creed for the Church, we should make a certain doctrine fundamental, is an interesting question, but it is not the question of the hour. The question of the hour is whether, in a creed already established, a certain doctrine is fundamental. It is not a question of preferences, but a question of fact. Its decision is to be reached only by the impartial application of impartial tests. The supreme duty *now* is the application of these tests. If rightly applied, they will lead you to sustain this specification of error.

Professor Smith then entered upon a critical examination of these three propositions: (1) The doctrine of the charge is not taught in Scripture, or (2) in the Confession, and (3) the plain implication of the charge is contrary to the doctrine of the Confession. He defined the real doctrine of inspiration taught by the Scriptures to be that God has revealed (unveiled) himself in the prophets or through the prophets. The culmination of the revelation is in His Son. All other revelations are tributary to this, and this is the only one which can claim to be absolutely perfect. Inspiration is the method by which God reveals himself in his servants. He breathes something of himself into them. Inspiration is exerted in other cases where God commissions men to do a work for him or for his people. That the writers who composed the books of the Bible were led by inspiration is nowhere affirmed in Scripture itself. As to the second proposition, he held that the teaching of the Confession was that God committed his revelation wholly unto writing. Whether he did more than that, or allowed his servants to do more than that, is not affirmed. How he caused his servants to do that is not described. The authors of the Confession were divided in opinion as to whether the Holy Spirit so controlled the writers in their composition of the Scriptures as to make their utterances absolutely truthful. On the third proposition he showed that the charge asserted inerrancy of the original autographs, and not of the present Bible. On this theory inerrancy has gone. This was contrary to the direct affirmation of the Confession, which is that the Greek and Hebrew copies have been kept pure in all ages. He showed from a critical examination of the two deliverances of the General Assemblies of Washington and of Portland, and from the judicial decision of the Washington Assembly, that the highest court of the Church had sanctioned this error.

Charge 3 set forth that Professor Smith denied "inspiration in the sense in which inspiration is attributed to the Holy Scriptures, by the Holy Scriptures themselves and by the Confession of Faith." He held that the charge was insufficient because it did not define the sense in which inspiration is attributed to the Scriptures by the Scriptures themselves and by the Confession of Faith. Moreover, the Confession nowhere defines a doctrine of inspiration.

Turning then to the question of fact, Professor Smith held that the evidence failed to show that he had committed the crime set forth in charge 2. He recited the circumstances under which the pamphlet "Biblical Scholarship and Inspiration," upon which the charges were based, was written. These he grouped under three heads: "The occasion; the circumstances of the Church; and the conditions of the problem." He prepared the address to defend Dr. Briggs against condemnatory resolutions introduced in the Cincinnati Presbytery. These resolutions were likely to pass before Dr. Briggs's views were clearly understood, and before his case had been passed upon by a court of the Church. At the time, moreover, the Church was engaged in a revision of its creed. At such a time freedom of discussion and a large comprehension of varying views would seem to be especially in place. At that time the theory of the verbal inspiration of the present Scriptures claimed to be the orthodox doctrine. It was already manifest that this older theory was untenable. There must be some reconstruction. Was it not lawful, was it not right, was it not necessary, that the subject should be debated on all sides, in order that the best possible understanding should be reached? Under such circumstances the pamphlet was called for. The court had not yet spoken. The deliverances of the General Assemblies and its judicial decision came afterward. But he had been condemned in the light of these deliverances and this decision. The judgment in his case was therefore an *ex post facto* judgment, and should not be sustained. As to the evidence bearing on the third charge, Professor Smith argued that it was insufficient. The Committee were willing to have this charge interpreted as an affirmation that the Scriptures claim verbal inspiration for themselves, and that it is a crime to deny verbal inspiration. He held:

1. It is not a crime in Presbyterian law to decline to say what the Confession does not say. 2. It is not a crime in Presbyterian law to decline to say: "God must make all he does perfect according to our idea of perfection." 3. It cannot be a crime in Presbyterian law to affirm the facts which a careful examination discovers in the Scriptures themselves. 4. The concessions made by the advocates of inerrancy themselves show that it is impossible to make their position a standard of right belief. 5. The Confession itself makes some concessions which oppose the doctrine of verbal inspiration. 6. It cannot be a crime in Presbyterian law to assert that God's work is more effectually done by his admitting some human error to show itself in his instruments.

Following Professor Smith, the Rev. Dr. William McKibbin presented the case for the prosecution, arguing that the charges had to do only with the fact and effect of inspiration. Inspiration involved simple truth. No phenomena could be urged against verbal inspiration which did not involve the truth. The doctrine of inspiration is a matter of faith, and the testimony the Bible bears to it must be accepted. This doctrine is so interwoven with the text of Scripture that its elimination destroys their coherence. To impeach their veracity is to impeach the veracity of God. Dr. McKibbin then followed the history of prophecy, as set forth in the Bible from the time of Moses to the time of Paul, to show its divine authority. He read extracts from Professor Smith's pamphlet to show the character of his writings, and pleaded with the Assembly, for the sake of the Church and the Bible, to vote not to sustain the appeal. Daniel H. Shields, an elder and a farmer, closed for the prosecution, and Professor Smith made his rejoinder. He spoke for one hour, reviewing the argument of his prosecutors and summing up his own points.

Following Professor Smith members of the Ohio Synod were heard. The roll-call of Commissioners was then ordered, in which each was given opportunity to state his reasons for his vote.

The specifications of error were all voted not sustained, and on the final vote to sustain the appeal as a whole the vote stood:

To sustain	56
Not to sustain	396
To sustain in part	45
Total	497

A committee was then appointed to wait upon Professor Smith and obtain from him, if possible, a promise to abstain from teaching the views for which he had been condemned. Dr. Henry C. McCook, of Philadelphia, is Chairman of this committee. Professor Smith declined, of course, to give such a promise.

The third event of importance was the adoption of the resolutions of the standing committee on Theological Seminaries. Among other things, it recommended the complete reorganization of Lane Theological Seminary by the election of a new Board of Trustees. A committee of five was to be appointed to visit the Seminary and carry the recommendation into effect. In the meantime the Seminary was to be restored to full standing with the General Assembly.

The election of Professor Henry W. Hulbert to the chair of Church History at Lane was disapproved, on the ground that his presence there would embarrass the plan.

Following these recommendations the report contained criticisms of the manner of life of students at the large city seminaries, complaining that the luxurious apartments gratuitously provided reduced to a minimum their self-ship and self-denial. Advice was given also as to certain studies to be pursued in the seminaries.

A. M. D.

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Correspondence

Dr. Denney and the Chicago Seminary

Dr. James Denney has been recently called to a professorship in Chicago Theological Seminary, and his action in declining that call has been followed by contradictory and inexact rumors which have been referred to in The Outlook. At our request Professor Curtiss, of the Seminary, furnishes the following correct statement of the matter.—THE EDITORS.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am happy to furnish the facts you desire for your readers regarding Dr. Denney. The reason that he assigned for his declination was of a confidential nature, and had no reference whatever to the character of the invitation given him by our directors; so that his decision would have been precisely the same had he been called to London, as he was two years ago, or to any other place outside of his own parish.

It has been stated that there were five votes against Dr. Denney, and that the matter of his election was discussed two days. The official ballot stood: twelve votes for Dr. Denney (which secured his election), and five for Professor H. M. Scott, who was chairman of the committee from the Faculty to urge Dr. Denney's election, and at whose home Dr. Denney was entertained. At Professor Scott's request Dr. Denney's election was made unanimous, one or two dissenting directors not voting. While sufficient time was given by the directors to hear Dr. Denney's sermon on "Inspiration," preached in the Third Presbyterian Church, and his ninth lecture on "The Scriptures as Word of God and Spiritual Authority," the usual amount of business was transacted.

Not a few of our friends think that the election of Mr. Denney indicates a change in the theological position of our Seminary. This is not true. Our Seminary belongs to no theological party. It stands for scientific and evangelical theology. All Dr. Denney's utterances were warmly greeted by men of all theological schools, with the exception of the ninth lecture; because of his rare gifts, his reverent spirit, and his fearless proclamation of his convictions. He was not elected on account of his ninth lecture, but in spite of it, because he was believed, on the basis of testimonials from eminent men in Scotland, and from the distinguished ability which he had manifested, to be an ideal candidate for the vacant chair of Systematic Theology—one who, in qualities of mind, learning, piety, and experience, might well be the coming theologian of Great Britain and the United States.

A perusal of his lectures, which will probably be published some time next autumn, will show that no theologian among us is more strictly Biblical, or more fully accepts the authority of the Scriptures.

SAMUEL IVES CURTISS.

—

Individual Cups at Communion

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The following is a sample of many of the letters received in regard to use of individual cups at communion:

"*Dear Sir:* I was much interested in your article on use of individual cups at communion, in Outlook of April 14. Kindly give me the following information:

"1. What is a full communion service as used in your church? 2. Of what were trays made? 3. What is a bail? 4. Price of trays, and where purchased? 5. How and by whom were glasses distributed? 6. I judge that your church has one hundred or less communicants partaking. With us accommodations would be needed for five or six hundred."

In answer I would say:

1. We arrange the communion-table as formerly, with addition of trays holding cups

2. Trays are made of tin, 13 × 17, with rims 1 inch high.

3. A bail is a handle, as bail of pail.

4. As we had no nickel-plate workman in town, we made trays of tin, painted light lavender, costing $1.25 each.

5. Cups were passed by deacons.

6. To a large number of communicants, worshiping in a church with four aisles, eight persons could conveniently distribute; but sixteen trays would be needed, to save time in filling trays returned. For convenience, trays should not be over 14 × 18, but those 14 × 17 will hold fifty cups; trays may be made of paper, rubber, aluminum, or nickel. I prefer the latter; silver is too heavy. Cups have a small, tapering bowl, are 3½ inches high, but 2½ or 2¾ inches high would be better, as less liable to tip over. Should be filled before audience assembles; for convenience we use a common silver teapot, and a dessertspoonful of wine is sufficient for each glass. These cups can be obtained at McFarlin's China Parlor, 39 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass., he having ordered glasses made of size alluded to above. Trays need no socket for cup; bail is 1 inch wide, one-half rounding on under side, with brace on each side of bail coming down to tray, so that a steady hand can keep tray from tipping.

One argument against this innovation was the noise or confusion in distributing or collecting so many cups: this is entirely overcome. After using, the cups are placed in the book-racks; if there are none, a small bracket-shelf, 4 × 6, in corner of pew would accommodate the cups, which are collected after audience leaves. In our experience there is no confusion, and none but a careful observer would notice change.

If you will print this, it may help many inquiring ones. (Dea.) J. F. STEARNS.

Saco, Me.

—

The English Sparrow

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In The Outlook for May 19 Mr. Francis S. Palmer says of the English sparrows: "The tradition that they drive off robins could not be substantiated this May morning. . . . Indeed, no one familiar with the bold, pugnacious disposition of the robin can conceive of its being driven away by a bird one-third its size."

One spring a pair of robins set up housekeeping just under the eaves of a friend's cottage, and soon a pretty blue egg appeared in the nest. While the pair were away, down swooped from the roof the mob of English sparrows who had jeered and scolded the peaceful robins all during their building, and among them the egg was pushed out of the nest and, of course, ruined by its fall. Off went the sparrows now, just as the unsuspecting robins came back. The distress of the poor creatures was pitiful; but they did not understand, apparently, what enemy had done the deed, and so left the second egg in the same way. Exactly the same thing happened. Then they laid their plans—purely defensive—and never for one moment was that nest left alone, the birds taking turns in guarding it. Actually the plucky pair succeeded in raising a family.

Other nests, however, were broken up, and my friend vouches for the statement that in her small yard eleven robins' eggs were destroyed by the English sparrows that one season.

I have myself more than once seen a robin pursued by several English sparrows, and it is a common thing here to be told, "Yes, we have some robins, but not nearly as many as before the sparrows came."

The fact that sparrows go in flocks or "mobs," and robins only in pairs—and alone when hunting food—makes it quite easy to understand how the brave robin is very often put to flight by "a bird not one-third his size." ITHACA.

—

A Plea for the Lambeth Platform

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It has long been my opinion that The Outlook is the most catholic, the most impartial, the sanest religious newspaper published in America. Expecting to get some helpful thought on Church unity, I read your editorial on that subject in the issue of April 14, and was disappointed by the treatment of what ought to be a practical question in the light of purely theoretical difficulties.

Three theories are suggested under the names Papal, Anglican, and Protestant. The first two your editorial rejects. The third theory leaves the difficulty still unsolved. It is simply a statement that the Church (in the sense of the Church invisible) consists of all true believers. There is a logical fallacy in co-ordinating these three theories, as the first two use the word Church in the organic sense, while the last leaves the question of organization untouched. Let me suggest a fourth conception, which I will term the Catholic. Your editorial offers but two alternatives: "The one conception of the Church is ecclesiastical and organic; the other, spiritual and mystical." The third alternative I would suggest is spiritual and organic or practical.

The Lambeth Conference is treated as an attempt to settle the issue between Anglicanism and Protestantism, which cannot be effected by the adoption of any such "glittering generality" as the Lambeth platform. In two respects this differs from the view of that platform that I have been accustomed to hold. The platform does not attempt to settle the conflict between the Anglican and Protestant theories of the Church. It seeks to strengthen Christian work by a union of forces, and to hasten the kingdom of heaven. Again, it is not recognized in the editorial that the first two articles alone are concerned with matters of doctrine, while the latter two are purely practical questions relating to the organization and usage of the Church, into which theory does not enter. To deal with these questions from a doctrinal standpoint is to overlook the real issue.

"The most intense independent," it is said, "might be willing to adopt some form of ecclesiastical oversight, as a convenience of method, in forming a united Church, or a federation of Churches; but no Protestant, if he is a Protestant on principle, will accept a Historic Episcopate as essential to the Church of Christ [note the sense in which Church is used], for he holds that the only thing essential to that Church is loyalty to Christ [*i. e.*, he need not even be a member of a Protestant Church], who is a living and ever-present head, and therefore needs no vicar or series of vicars; and he holds that the true bond of Church unity is spiritual, not ecclesiastical."

This seems to us a remarkable statement. The editorial concedes the one point in question, viz., a form of ecclesiastical oversight for the sake of organic union, and then proceeds to create a difficulty by objecting to the Historic Episcopate on the ground that it is an ecclesiastical and not a spiritual bond of unity. What room does this objection, if valid, leave for any Church organization at all? If there is to be only a spiritual bond, what need is there to join any Church? If, however, there is any use for an ecclesiastical organization, is it not a trifle strange to object to the Historic Episcopate simply because it is ecclesiastical?

By way of summing up, it is said: "Church unity cannot be promoted by shutting our eyes to a radical difference of opinion, and substituting for a real argument an ambiguous phraseology." To represent the Lambeth platform as claiming to be an argument is a misconception. It does not attempt either to remove or hide a difference of opinion; it does not concern itself with matters of opinion. It is a practical principle admitting of various interpretations. It binds those who accept it to no ecclesiastical theory, as is seen by the fact that "the Episcopal Bishops themselves are not agreed in the meaning which they attach to this now famous sentence."

This alternative is offered as final: "The consummation of Church unity must wait until either Protestant Christians are convinced that Christ instituted an ecclesiastical society into which every follower of Christ should enter, or he in so far fails of perfect loyalty to his Master, or until Anglican Christians are convinced that all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and acknowledge him as their Lord and Master, do already constitute one Church of Christ"—that is, Protestants must become Anglicans, or Anglicans must see that, in a spiritual sense at least, Church unity already exists.

Fortunately, this does not exhaust the alternatives. The Protestant Episcopal Church of America does not require candidates for confirmation or for orders to accept the teaching that Christ instituted an ecclesiastical society in the modern sense. They are not examined in their views as to Apostolic Succession. Few Anglicans will deny that the *invisible* Church includes all believers in Christ, and that organic union must have this spiritual fact as a basis. But the Anglican Church goes further, and seeks an actual unity beside the existing theoretic or abstract unity.

The true Catholic, be he Papist, Anglican, Greek, or Protestant, must insist on unity of aim and spirit, but allow diversity in matters of opinion. The sectarian, be he Protestant, Greek, Anglican, or Papist, lays undue stress on opinions, and confounds that faith in Christ which appropriates him as a personal Saviour and Guide, with belief in a form of words and the acceptation of a creed.

Finally, if there be no efficacy in ordination, why should Luther be more entitled to ordain his private secretary than his private secretary to ordain him? Or, if there is any advantage in ordination, is it not desirable that there should be a universally recognized form or standard? If this latter is warranted, what better form is to be found than that evolved in the "Historic Episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called by God into the unity of his Church"? J. B. T.

—

Does God Send Trouble?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your reply to the above question, in last week's Outlook, is excellent, but it seems to me you omitted to mention one comforting factor in God's dealing with man. You say: "This world is not a playground, but a school-room. . . . Trouble is man's educator; trouble is man's redeemer." Truly, trouble is *educative*, and we should "count it all joy" to be educated; but is it not equally true that trouble is *protective*? The "light affliction" of the present is sent to avert the disaster of the future. The physician amputates a finger to save the arm. The loss of the finger is "trouble," but it is protective from greater trial. The mother who mourns the loss of

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her babe may well reflect that Divine wisdom is protecting her from something harder to be borne. Life is a school-room, but it is more: it is a home—a temporary home, to be sure, but the Father is here with his children, and *protects* them as truly as he disciplines them. M. P. T.

Notes and Queries

What is the translation of the following: "Domine quo vadis"? It appears on one of the bronze doors of Trinity Church, New York. O.

"Domine quo vadis" is an expression which has been adopted by the Church in memory of the following legend: During the early persecutions of the Christians in Rome in the first century A.D., St. Peter was so alarmed that he once fled from the city. On the Ostia road he met a stranger going toward Rome, and on drawing near he discovered him to be no less a person than our Lord. "Where art thou going?" he cried (Domine, quo vadis). Jesus answered, "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time." This was enough for the easily frightened but sincere Apostle. He immediately turned about and went back to the city, where he too met death by crucifixion.

1. Is Plato's "Atlantis" historical? 2. If so, do antiquarians deem "Atlantis" the parent of the ancient civilizations of Egypt, Phœnicia, and Greece? 3. Is the sometime existence of "Atlantis" the best explanation of the origin of the civilization that was found in Peru and Mexico by the Spaniards? 4. To what extent is "Atlantis," by Ignatius Donnelly, a reliable work on this subject? M. P. T.

See articles on "Atlantis" in new edition of "Chambers's Cyclopædia" and of the "Britannica." The whole subject is involved in doubt. Mr. Donnelly's book is interesting, but must be taken with all allowance for a vivid imagination.

Where can I get Dr. Gladden's book, "Who Wrote the Bible?" A. S.

It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston), at $1.25.

Please inform me how I am to get "The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry." S. W. R.

Write to Macmillan & Co., New York.

Can any one tell me where I can find the poem said to have been written by Lady Byron after her separation from her husband, one stanza of which reads thus:

"Not one sigh shall tell my story,
Not one tear my cheek shall stain;
Silent grief shall be my glory,
Grief that stops not to complain"?

R. B. G.

In last week's Outlook, in the column of Notes and Queries, "A. P. D." inquires for a story or poem called "The Port of Missing Ships." The story was published in "Scribner's Magazine" for November, 1888. Its author is Mr. John M. Spear. H. W. L.

I notice in Notes and Queries a request to be referred to a child's botany. "Outline Lessons in Botany," by Miss Jane Newell, Ginn & Co., is a most admirable book; Miss Newell's "Readers in Botany" are perhaps adapted for even younger children. M. A. W.

Will some one kindly tell me more of a New England poet, Nicholas Crouch or Cranch? He wrote a little poem, "The Gold that Grows" (was it?), in which he contrasts the wealth of nature and natural endowments with "sordid pelf, hoarded to canker and rust on the shelf." Who publishes his works? W. A. X.

Books Received

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK
Maxwell, William H., M.A. First Book in English. 40 cts.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
Whitby, Beatrice. Mary Fenwick's Daughter. $1.
Cotes, Mrs. Everard (Sara Jeannette Duncan). A Daughter of To-day. $1.50.

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON, NEW YORK
Maclaren, Alexander, D.D. The Gospel of St. John. $1.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
The Century Illustrated Magazine. Vol. XLVII. November, 1893, to April, 1894.
Straus, Oscar S. Roger Williams.
Kipling, Rudyard. The Jungle Book.

CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM & CO., NEW YORK
Fawcett, Edgar. Outrageous Fortune. 50 cts.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK
Finley, Martha. Mildred's New Daughter. $1.25.
Hoppin, James M. Sermons on Faith, Hope, and Love, with Horæ Homileticæ. $1.50.

FERGUSON BROS. & CO., PHILADELPHIA
Comegys, B. B. The Scriptural Prayer-Book.

GINN & CO., BOSTON
Bergen, Fanny D. Glimpses at the Plant World. 55 cts.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK
Miley, John, D.D. Systematic Theology. Vol. II. $3.

INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS, NEW YORK
McConaughy, James. Christ Among Men. 40 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Verba Verbi Dei. Harmonized by the Author of "Charles Lowder." $1.50.
Lyall, Edna. Doreen. $1.50.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK
Fitzgerald, Edward. Letters. 2 Vols. $3.50.
Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. Woodstock. $1.25.
Wright, Mabel Osgood. The Friendship of Nature. 75 cts.
Poushkin, Alexander. Prose Tales. Translated by T. Keane. $1.75.
Marshall, Arthur M. Biological Lectures and Addresses. Edited by C. F. Marshall. $2.
Bower, Captain Hamilton. Diary of a Journey Across Tibet. $3.75.
Joyce, P. W. Old Celtic Romances. $1.75.

JAMES POTT & CO., NEW YORK
Drummond, Henry. The Lowell Lectures on the Ascent of Man. $2.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Pfleiderer, Otto, D.D. Philosophy and Development of Religion. (Gifford Lectures.) 2 Vols. $5.
Stokes, Anson Phelps. Joint-Metallism. 75 cts.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK
Ogden, Robert C. Samuel Chapman Armstrong. 35 cts.
Williamson, George C. The Money of the Bible. $1.
Ogden, Robert C., and J. R. Miller, D.D. Sunday-School Teaching. 35 cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Upton, Charles B. Lectures on the Bases of Religious Belief. (Imported.) $3.50.
Wood, Esther. Dante Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Movement. (Imported.) $3.
Steele, Richard. The Best Plays of the Old Dramatists. Edited by G. A. Aitken. (Imported.) $1.25.
Perry, Bliss. Salem Kittredge, and Other Stories. $1.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD., LONDON
Hampden-Cook, E. The Christ Has Come.

STONE & KIMBALL, CAMBRIDGE
Meekins, Lynn R. The Robb's Island Wreck, and Other Stories.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, 30 WEST ST., BOSTON
Curtis, Anson Bartie, B.D., Ph.D. Back to the Old Testament for the Message of the New.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., NEW YORK
Hoffmann, Professor. Puzzles Old and New. $1.50.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK
Thompson, Hugh M. Absolution in the Light of Primitive Practice. 50 cts.
Boggs, Rev. Edward B., D.D. Christian Unity Proved by Holy Scriptures. With a Sketch of Church History. 50 cts.

WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO
Willard, Frances E., and her Kinswoman, Minerva Brace Norton. A Great Mother: Sketches of Madam Willard. With an Introduction by Lady Henry Somerset.

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Call for Information

All readers of The Outlook who live near enough to call are especially invited to visit the Recreation Department and obtain its help in planning a summer trip anywhere. We are able in many cases to show photographs of the houses you may wish to know of, and a personal interview always enables us to give better information. You possibly have in mind just the kind of a place you would like to visit. If you will call (or write if you can't come) we shall be very glad to help you find it. We can help you plan a tour, tell you of connections, of ways to go by water or rail, and the hotels you will find *en route*. Almost any information you want in relation to summer travel can be given you. All subscribers are entitled to use the Recreation Department freely.

Quickening the Schedule of the Pennsylvania Limited between New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago.

A general change of time will go into effect on the Pennsylvania Railroad lines on May 27.

The principal change is in the Pennsylvania Limited, the schedule of which is greatly quickened between the East and the West. The importance of this train to the traveling public is appreciated by the management, and nothing is left undone to make it the best and most attractive passenger train in the world. The great improvements recently made in the splendid road-bed of the Pennsylvania, the elimination of curves, the laying of additional tracks, and the perfected block signal system, enable the Company to make the schedule of twenty-four hours between New York and Chicago with greater ease, comfort, and safety to the passenger than under the old schedule of twenty-six hours.

On the new schedule the Limited will leave New York at 10 A.M., Philadelphia 12:20 P.M., Washington 10:30 A.M., Baltimore 11:40 A.M., arrive Pittsburg 9:15 P.M., and arrive at Chicago 9 o'clock the next morning. The east-bound train will leave Chicago 5:30 P.M., leave Pittsburg 7:15 A.M., arrive Baltimore 4:20 P.M., Washington 5:45 P.M., Philadelphia 4:17, and New York 6:30 P.M. It will be equipped with Pullman perfected vestibule sleeping, dining, smoking, and observation cars.

This is the best and most conveniently adjusted schedule of any train in service between the East and the West. The New York man who has business in Chicago may arrive there in the morning, execute his mission, and depart for the East in the afternoon, having had the benefit of a full day in Chicago.

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BERLIN.—Good Private Boarding-Home. Conveniently located. Excellent table. Moder. terms (4–6 Mk. room and full board p. day, 90–150 Mk. p. month). Special facilities for learning German. Best European & American references.
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LITTLEJOHN'S AND COUSIN'S ISLANDS
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SEVEN MILES FROM PORTLAND, MAINE; beautiful surroundings; easy of access; fishing, boating; restful. You can own a seashore resort for very little money, without the disagreeable features of many public resorts; 30 minutes from Portland. For further particulars write to
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Cottage on Cliff Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Near steamboat landing. Local supply of farm products. Island high, rocky, and well wooded. Apply
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Siasconset, Nantucket To rent, completely furnished cottage on the bluff; 10 rooms; sanitation perfect and good water. Address P. O. Box **98**, Auburndale, Mass.

TO LET—For the summer months, in Summit, N. J., a commodious house with abundance of piazza room. Terms moderate. Address
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ADIRONDACKS For sale or to let at Keene Valley, N. Y., the heart of the **Mountain** region, cottage of 8 large rooms, partly furnished.
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HOTELS AND RESORTS

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HOTEL ACADIA
Grand Tracadie Beach. Second season opens June 15. Address as above for circulars and terms.
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Absolutely healthful; very accessible; superior accommodations; home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

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A delightful combination of seashore and country life at the Pequot. Furnished cottages to rent for the season. Send for terms and circulars. BLANCHARD & HAGER.

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Stamford on the Sound
50 minutes from New York. Hotel has all city conveniences. Extensive grounds and fine old shade; celebrated spring water; vegetables grown on place. Orchestra.
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Late of the Seminole Hotel, Winter Park, Fla.

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Write for descriptive pamphlet. GEO. H. SPENCER, Prop

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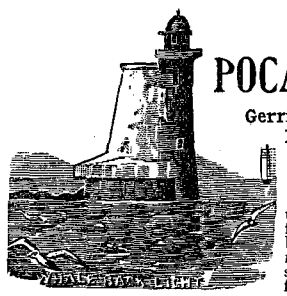

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NORTH LUBEC, MAINE
Hotel conducted on Christian principles. Board, $8.00 to $12.00 per week. Splendid water and mountain view from all rooms. For circulars address
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Late Proprietor Forest Hills, Franconia, and Proprietor The Altamonte, Florida.

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PREBLE HOUSE
$3.00 per day. J. C. WHITE.

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SORRENTO, MAINE
OPEN JUNE 15
Delightfully situated on Frenchman's Bay, opposite and six miles from Bar Harbor. Hotel new, has electric lights and first-class appointments; tennis-courts, fine livery, good fishing, and a safe harbor for yachts. This resort is exempt from hay-fever. Special terms for the entire season. Address until June 10,
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Beautiful for situation. For circulars send to Heron Island, South Bristol, Me. E. ROGERS.

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Rutherford's Island, South Bristol, Me.
Open from June 15th to Sept. 30. Beautiful for situation. Send for circulars. N. W. GAMAGE, Prop.

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Maine

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Opposite Bar Harbor.
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"OCEAN HOUSE," York Beach, Maine, *largest and leading* Hotel, directly opposite the *bathing surf*; opens June 25th. Send for circulars, which describe the many *attractive features*. *Terms to suit the times.*

Hotel Albracca
YORK HARBOR, MAINE
Opens June 7
Write for circular. W. L. BAKER, Prop.

York Harbor, Maine
MARSHALL HOUSE
Opens June 25. E. S. MARSHALL, Proprietor.

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HILL VIEW, Conway, Mass. A pleasant country home. Pure air and water. Beautiful views and charming drives. Among the foot-hills of Green Mts., west of Conn. River. Address E. L. CHILDS.

POINT ALLERTON HOTEL
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Bring your Tennis, Bathing, and Riding suits, and spend your vacation at The Prescott, on Swampscott Beach. **Fine Lawns, Good Beach, Excellent Roads.** *The Prescott faces the sea.* Modern conveniences. Mrs. F. H. GOULD, Lynn, Mass., will give information.

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ROCKMERE POINT. Cove Cottages will accommodate a few summer **boarders**; large, airy rooms; fine views; prominent headland; grounds and beach for bathing, boating, and fishing **private for our guests.** Address J. R. GILES, Marblehead, Mass.

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HOWARD HOUSE
Central location; pleasant; good table; moderate prices. F. E. DERBYSHIRE.

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The Sinclair
OPENS JUNE 15
Rates per day, $3.50. Special for families by week.
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and Cottages
FRANCONIA, N. H.
Open from May to November. Capacity, 150 guests. Rates, $3 and $4 per day.
Also caters to "**House Parties**" winter months. Especially fitted and favorably located for cold weather. JAMES W. DUDLEY, Proprietor.

Plan your Summer Trip with the Help of the Recreation Department

If you will write, or, better still, call, telling us what sort of a place you are looking for, we will gladly give you information in relation to any hotel or location. We can help you to plan any tour, and tell you of the good stop-over points en route. Don't hesitate to use this department if it can aid you. No charge is made.

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HALCYON HALL
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The hotel curiosity of the nineteenth century. ated on the peak of Dutchess County. Two and half hours from New York, via N. Y. Central R. R. Elevation, 1,000 feet. Dry air. Fine roads and livery. Extended views. Orchestra, ten pieces, three times daily. Terms, Five Dollars and upwards. Apply for terms and prospectus to
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MT. LAFAYETTE HOUSE, Franconia, White Mountains, N. H.—A delightful summer resort among the mountains. Open May 1. Send for circular. RICHARDSON BROS., Proprietors.

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Now open. Fine views of the mountains. A pretty booklet is sent free. J. A. BARNES' SONS.

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Intervale, in the White Mountains, N. H.
Opens June 1st. Send for circular.

INTERVALE, N. H.
Intervale House
Now Open
Send for pamphlet. S. MUDGETT & SONS.

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JACKSON, N. H.
Near center. Good elevation and fine views. Reasonable rates. B. M. FERNALD.

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Jackson, N. H.
Now open. Special inducements to early visitors. Send for circular. W. A. MESERVE.

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Open June 1st. Reduced rates for that month. For rates and pamphlet address
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WHITE MOUNTAINS.—Highland House, Jefferson Highlands, New Hampshire. Elevation, 1,650 feet. Reduction for June and September. Send for circular. J. L. POTTLE.

PLINY RANGE HOUSE
Jefferson Highlands, N. H.
Beautiful situation; high elevation; reduced rates for June and September; good rooms and board; beautiful drives. Correspondence solicited. GEO. W. CRAWFORD & SON.

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Location unsurpassed. Large farm connected. Send for circulars. F. O. NOURSE, Propr.

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One of the most extended and magnificent views in the White Mountains. Perfect drainage; electric lights; all modern improvements. Send for circular. Geo. Farr & Co.

PITMAN HALL — LOWER BARTLETT, N. H.
Rates are reasonable for early guests. Address
FRANK THOMPSON.

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MAPLEWOOD
East End of the famous town of Bethlehem. Grand center of all the White Mountain attractions. The great resort of health and pleasure. Maplewood Hotel opens July 6. Maplewood Cottage opens June 10. **13 FURNISHED COTTAGES.** Send for illustrated folder to AINSLIE & WEBSTER, Managers,
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1,200 feet above sea-level, overlooking miles of beautiful scenery of Southern New Hampshire. Pine grove; pure air, pure water. Bowling, billiards; choice orchestra; good livery. Opens June 15. For terms, pamphlets, and full particulars address WADE & CAMPBELL, Managers.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN HOTELS

FABYAN HOUSE

Will open June 23

CRAWFORD HOUSE

MT. WASHINGTON SUMMIT HOUSE

Will open June 30

Correspondence invited from those desiring accommodations. Post and telegraph office in each house. Information at Recreation Dept., The Outlook, or address BARRON & MERRILL, Proprietors.

The Wentworth

Newcastle, N. H.

Railroad Station, Portsmouth, N. H.

Thirty minutes distant, where coaches from the house meet every train.

The Fashionable Resort of the North Shore

Open for the Season June 30th

New Rockingham

Portsmouth, N. H.

FINEST HOTEL IN THE COUNTRY

Popular and convenient stopping place for tourists en route to or from the Mountains, Canada, or resorts of Maine.

Frank Jones, Proprietor. **W. K. Hill,** Manager.

NORTH CONWAY, N. H.—Edgewood Cottage. A little out of the village; with good mountain views, large rooms, shade trees. Farm connected. For rates, etc., address GEO. F. WOLCOTT.

SUNSET PAVILION

North Conway, N. H.

Now open. Write for rates.

THE WINSLOW HOUSE, Mt. Kearsarge, Potter Place Station, N. H.—4,000 feet above the level of the sea. Will open **June 1st.** Delightful view; healthy location. Cuisine française. Circulars can be had at Outlook Office.

A quiet house; 30 guests; new, first-class; 1,700 feet elevation; unsurpassed views; cold spring water; no hay-fever. Open June 15.

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On the ocean front. Thoroughly modern and complete. Hot and cold sea-water baths, passenger elevator, etc. Send for descriptive illustrated booklet.

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THE IRVINGTON

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—On the beach. Elevator; steam heat; filtered water; sun parlors; billiard and music rooms. CHAMBERS & HOOPES.

The Norwood

AVON-BY-THE-SEA

MONMOUTH CO., NEW JERSEY

Situated in the Pines, two blocks from the Ocean; capacity, one hundred guests. Address Miss A. E. ODGERS.

BERNARDSVILLE, N. J.

SOMERSET INN

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Carriage will meet train leaving New York 9 A.M. those days.

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Summer guests can be accommodated, June 1 to Sept. 1. Excellent table; pleasant rooms; delightful grounds on the bluffs of the Delaware. Penn. R.R., between N. Y. and Phila. Five minutes from station. Reasonable rates. Mrs. G. S. BOWEN, Bordentown, N. J.

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Directly on the beach at Point Pleasant, N. J.; modern, complete; hot salt baths; surf-bathing. Send for prospectus. $10 per week for June. H. M. PARKER.

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ALMOST EVERY TRAVELER

Wants a hotel full of cosey nooks and comfortable corners. They invite repose.

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Fourth Ave., 41st and 42d Sts.

OPPOSITE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.

Central for shopping and theatres.

Baggage to and from 42d St. Depot free.

ROOMS, $1.00 PER DAY AND UPWARDS

New York

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Centrally located. A pleasant house for Tourists.

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Summer and winter board; modern house; water; bath; excellent table; tennis, croquet For particulars apply to Mrs. CHAS. MOORE, Andes, Delaware Co., N. Y. Reference: Rev. Dr. Holley, Hackensack, N. J.

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ADIRONDACKS

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CHAS. FURY, M'g'r. E. M. WESTON, Prop.

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Open June 20. 3½ Hours from New York.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE CO., Catskill, N. Y.

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CATSKILL, N. Y.

Beautiful drives; river, mountain, and intervale scenery. *Send for circular.* A. PARSONS, *Prop.*

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(ESTABLISHED IN 1858.)

Elevated location, 1,200 ft. above sea-level, overlooking the beautiful Genesee Valley.

Personal Care of experienced Physicians. All *valuable forms of treatment. Provision for rest, recreation,* and amusement.

Elegant **fire-proof** main building and twelve cottages. Asphalt Roof promenade. Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone. Cuisine under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of Chautauqua Cooking School.

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New York

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CAMP FOR TEN BOYS

over fifteen years of age, on the lake shore, between Port Henry and Westport. Private tuition given by experienced teachers. Boating, fishing, and excursions into the Adirondacks. WILLIAM TATLOCK, 2nd, Port Henry, N.Y.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN Trembleau Hall

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Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Lawn-Tennis, etc. 'Bus meets all boats and trains. For terms address FARRELL & ADGATE, Prop'rs.

Circulars at The Outlook Co.

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Under-Cliff

Northern end of **Lake Placid, Adirondacks.**

A select family resort.

Comfort, excellence, refinement.

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LIBERTY, N. Y.

Opens June 16th. Easily reached from New York. Elevation 2,420. Near the village and churches, stores, physicians, telegraph and post office. Information of GEORGE B. HOLMES, Manager.

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ADIRONDACKS

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JOHN HARDING, Prop., Algonquin, Franklin Co., N. Y.

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Mizzen Top Hotel

Quaker Hill, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

Season opens June 20.
N. S. HOWE, Proprietor
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Enlarged and refurnished. Strictly first-class. Terms, $7 to $15. Circulars from Recreation Dep't. J. C. Cornish.

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Under new management; opens in June.
Select family hotel; mountain air; pure water.
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A popular resort for health, change, rest, or recreation all the year. Elevator, electric bells, steam, sun-parlor, and promenade on the roof. Suites of rooms with baths. Dry, tonic air. Massage, Electricity, all baths and all health appliances. Saratoga waters. Croquet, lawn tennis, etc. New Turkish and Russian baths. Send for illustrated circular.

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

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SCHROON LAKE, N. Y.

Accommodates 250. Opens June 12. Splendid drives, tennis, orchestra, bathing and boating; bass and trout fishing. C. T. LELAND, Manager.

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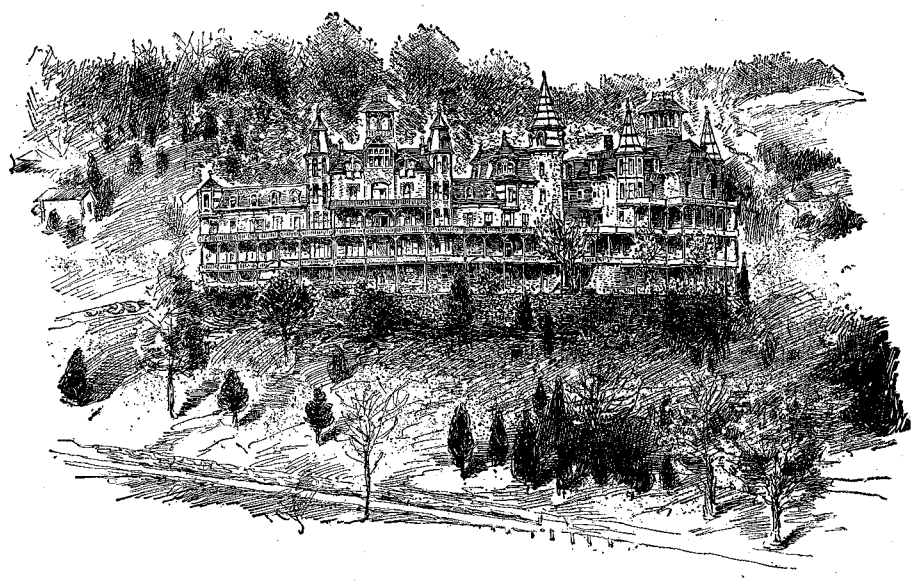
Twenty minutes from Grand Central Station, N. Y. Two hundred feet above the Hudson. Views of river and Palisades unsurpassed. I. H. GERRY, Prop.



Ho! for the Mountains

Don't forget

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HEALTH and PROFITABLE OCCUPATION

How to Secure both in a Land of Sunshine and Abundance.

A LITTLE BOOK FREE ON APPLICATION

THE PECOS IRRIGATION & IMPROVEMENT CO.
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

PROFILE HOUSE and Cottages

The largest of the leading Summer Hotels, with a patronage of the highest order, situated in the beautiful Franconia Notch, which possesses many points of attraction unequaled in New England. Open June 26th to Oct. 1st. For rooms address, until June 15th, C. H. Greenleaf & Co., Hotel Vendôme, Boston; later, Taft & Greenleaf, Profile House, N. H. Also

The Flume House

in Franconia Notch, five miles from the Profile House. Most desirable for families and parties wishing for a long season in the Mountains. Open June 1st to October 20th.

New York

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Near all points of interest. Lawn-tennis. Carriage meets all trains. Send for circulars. E. E. VAN DYKE.

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The Greycourt Inn

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Electricity; spring water; cuisine unexcelled. Send for circular. S. J. BROWN.

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All modern conveniences. Open all the year. Free 'bus. Send for circular. A. E. TALLMADGE.

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(For other advertisements in this department see following page.)

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Would you fly if you could
To a glen in the wood,
To a spot in the shade
That nature hath made,
Rich with ferns and wild flowers—
One of nature's fair bowers?

What is life to the soul
If to labor is all?
What a joy to the heart
When for rest we depart
To the woods and the dells!

Does your heart cry for rest
In a place that is blest,
With no shadow or sorrow
Nor care for the morrow?

If so, send your address for a list of "SUMMER TOURS," published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Geo. H. Heafford, Gen'l Passenger Agt., Chicago, Ill.

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Nearness to New York of its Summer Homes

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About People

—Mark Twain says that there are only thirty-five jokes in existence, the rest being merely variations on these.

—It may not be generally known that Mr. J. L. Molloy, the popular song-writer, is an English barrister. His work is the law; his recreation, music.

—One of the Unitarian churches in Boston is lighted by a ceiling of subdued glass. When this was put in, Mr. Arthur Gilman is said to have remarked that it was the first time he had ever heard of trying to raise Christians under glass, adding that he now knew what was meant by "early Christians."

—It seems that an enterprising agent in London, who is making up a series of articles on the obscure wives of famous men, has discovered that there is a Mrs. Henry Irving. She is tall, very thin, and lives quietly in a little house in the West End with her two sons. She was a Miss O'Callahan before her marriage.

—The heir to the Belgian throne, Prince Albert, son of the Count of Flanders and nephew to the reigning King, is over six feet tall, though not yet eighteen years of age. It is said that he bears an extraordinary resemblance to Leopold II., who devotes several hours of each day to initiating him into his future responsibilities.

—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, whose name is so closely connected with the total abstinence propaganda, has just proposed in the House of Commons that her Majesty the Queen be requested whenever she bestows any new title or dignity also to issue a recital of the services to the State which have made such recognition necessary, as is now the custom in bestowing the Victoria Cross. Sir Wilfrid adds that for his own part he cannot understand why a man wants a handle to his name; it could only be because of the reason set forth by Thomas Carlyle, namely, that the United Kingdom contained thirty-five million inhabitants, mostly fools.

—Eugen Richter, the German Radical leader, is the son of a Westphalian army surgeon, and, when he was studying in Berlin, attended the sessions of the Prussian Landtag with as mathematical regularity as he did those of the university. His first important work was to found at Düsseldorf a co-operative society on the principles of Schulze-Delitzsch, in opposition to those of Lassalle, which stood for State Socialism. He tried for a while being a Prussian functionary, but his nature was too independent for such work, and he then became the journalist, publicist, and parliamentarian *par excellence* of the Radicals.

—In the current "Century" Mr. Boyesen tells us that Tourguéneff's mother was a female counterpart of Ivan the Terrible. She delighted in the most arbitary excess of power, and from sheer *ennui* tormented every one who came within reach of her authority. She inherited a great fortune from an uncle, and established herself in princely opulence on her estate of Spasskoë. Her husband was under her complete control, and her autocratic will tolerated no opposition from any one. Mr. Boyesen says that in his conversations with Tourguéneff the novelist referred but twice to his mother, once when he declared that she was the typical noble lady of Russia, and again when he remarked: "The utter irresponsibility of the master in his intercourse with the serf has the most detrimental effect upon character—as I saw exemplified in the case of my own mother."

—The Rev. Philip Moxom, who has been in charge of well-known Baptist parishes in both Cleveland and Boston, and who has now left the ministry of that communion, was the cause of "The Watchman's" receiving many letters denouncing the clergyman's course. As these were not printed, so many more letters arrived denouncing the paper's lack of backbone that finally, in self-defense, it was obliged to acknowledge that "As to our 'backbone,' perhaps we have shown quite as much in feeding these articles slowly to the office cat as in feeding them to our readers. 'Peter'—that is the cat's name—has really winked once or twice, with his good eye—he lost one eye in the Tremont Temple fire about a year ago. Many a man has thanked 'Peter' for keeping an article out of print which he wrote when he was mad. On the whole, we are inclined to believe that the Baptist denomination is great enough to let anybody go who wants to, and magnanimous enough to retain its own dignity and self-poise when he does go."

A French Boy's English Essay

A correspondent sends the following essay on "A Summer Holiday," written by a French pupil in an English school, to the "University Correspondent:" "The time which I was spending to accomplish that journey was eight hours, by express train, starting from the Montparnais Station. This road is a very pleasant one, and without account the numerous towns which the peoples are going so often are: Baths, swim, the immensity of the large space occupy with that water, and so wonderful aspect, chiefly when we are seeing that for the first time; the great many steamers, sailers, fishing-boats, moving on the sea with a astonishing easiness, the fishes of all kinds took each day by the fishermen, along the shore, and the games such as: croquet, law-tennis, cards, and many others, when the tide begin to go away. In that place it begin at two o'clocks till five, and then the place which it was occupying before is full of people amusing themselves, and the children carrying their things, begin to make many sand mountains, holes, forts, whilst their mothers are speaking among herselves, seeing with a great joice the pleasure which occupe their children. When the weather is clear and the sky without any clouds, they let a boat and sail along a little distance, walking here and there, fishing in the rocks the lobster, putting their breches on the knees in order do not make their feet wet, and when the dusk begin to fall, they start from the seashore and entering in the houses or hotels, discute about the pleasure of the day. Oh! then how they find themselves happy in these hours of peace always thinking to the pleasure, they do not doubt at all the kinds of sorrow in this short life, and do not thing no more to the poor people, whom has not so much good, in order to rejoice himself as well as these fortunate travellees, making every year the same thing in order to preserve their own health in breathing the well doing air of the sea, which gives appetite, strength, and finally making their own desire in execution, that is to say their own well-being."

Puppet Actors

In Mrs. Elisabeth Cavazza's amusing paper, "At the Opra di li Pupi," in the June "Atlantic," she thus describes the opening of a Sicilian marionette drama:

"With a joyous expectancy, such as one recalls among the impressions of childhood, we waited while a march was ground out from the organ and the cymbals rang. A little bell tinkled; the curtain gave promising starts and quivers, then rose to show an empty stage set with a scene in Charlemagne's palace of 'Paris of France.' The scenery is astonishingly effective, in its ingenious designs and small dimensions. The proscenium is about eight feet wide by eleven high; the stage, five and a quarter feet in width by five feet in depth. The perspective and proportions are so good that the little paladins seem not to lack dignity.

"The marionettes enter with a portentous stride, so much to the taste of the public that in some theaters a personage who should appear without this conventional gait would be reproved by shouts of 'Il passu!' (the step), and must retreat into the wings to make his entrance all over again.

"But the paladins of Don Achille did their duty. Not one failed of the noble strut, the pirouette in the center of the stage, the salute to the audience, and the provisional jiggle upon his wires, before he subsided into quiescence, and the next man of war took the stage. The glittering ranks were arranged, with their pink, innocent wooden faces fronting the audience. A few eminent paladins had glass eyes, which rocked from side to side, emphasizing still more the immobility of their countenances. The march became more fervid as Charlemagne entered, exchanged compliments with his lords, and embraced at a right angle his nephews, the valorous Rinaldo and Orlando, not less worthy. The dialogue was stately, with occasional lapses into the vernacular. Whoever spoke moved incessantly; the others stood still. The voices—all from the mouth of Don Achille himself, who, with assistants, was pulling wires behind the scenes—were amazingly well differentiated. The virile notes of the paladins; the deep voice of Charlemagne, which appeared compounded of equal parts of majesty and laryngitis; the boyish treble of the messenger page; the clucking discords of the Turks; the fierce roar of the Sultan of Babilonia—all these were a real triumph of tonal variation. Charlemagne was extremely unhappy. He wept, rubbing his hands alternately across his face, with elbows raised and sharply bent. When the paladins had inquired the cause of his tears, and had learned that the Turks and Spaniards, allied, were about to besiege the walls of Paris, they expressed themselves more than ready for a fight. This consoled Charlemagne. Don Achille's boy wreaked himself upon the crank of the organ and clashed the cymbals, while the knights, one by one, after an obeisance, a twirl, and half a dozen strides, made their exit."

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The Business World

Gold Exports, the Tariff, and the Western Railways

Last week's market was not so much affected by the matter of gold exports as previous markets have been. By reason of the lessened money-rate in London, the net export, something over $4,300,000, was not so large as many persons had expected. Our net export up to date this year amounts to about $33,500,000, but there is not so much general apprehensiveness regarding gold exports, because it is now seen that the movement may be a safeguard; and it is, in so far as it represents a natural tide. Washington reports have again seemed to point to an earlier settlement of the Tariff Bill than was anticipated, and, strange to say, the old story was used with good effect on the market. Another strengthening factor was the formation of the Board which will control the new Western railway agreement. Mr. Marvin Hughitt, the President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, and a conservative man, will be Chairman of the Executive Board, whose other members will include Mr. C. G. Warner, of the Missouri Pacific, and Commissioner Midgley. The agreement provides for the immediate advancement of all rates, and for their maintenance thereafter. If any line should "cut," the entire responsibility lies with its President. This is a strong provision, for under-officials will hardly dare to do any cutting without orders from headquarters. Tonnage is scarce enough, it is true, but what little is offering will now perhaps be carried at living rates. During the first half of the week the market declined rapidly, but during the last half the advent of these three factors brought about a general advance, which would have been much greater but for the bituminous coal strike, which keeps 175,000 miners out of work, which—on whichever side the responsibility for the strike may justly rest—has already produced rioting and bloodshed in some districts, and which is crippling transportation and manufactures everywhere.

Money and Business

The bulk of the call-money business remains at 1 per cent., and time-money continues at 1 per cent. for thirty days, 1½ for sixty, 2 for ninety, 2½ for four months, and 3 for longer periods. Mercantile paper has advanced to 2¾ per cent. for very choice indorsements. Three per cent. rules for sixty to ninety day bills receivable, 3 to 3½ for commission-house names four months to run, 3½ to 4 per cent. for prime single names four to six months, and 4½ to 5½ per cent. for others. In the foreign exchange market posted rates are $4.88½ for sixty-day bills, and $4.90 for sight, with actual business at a cent less. As to silver, the dealers' price for assay bars is about 63 cents per ounce. As to gold, the above-mentioned net export represents both a natural necessity of the congested money market, and may also signify an unfortunate withdrawal of foreign capital. This is in spite of the facts that cotton can be exported at 7¼ cents and wheat at less than 57 cents, that the lending rate in London is ½ of 1 per cent. a year, and that the largest holding since 1844, when the Bank's charter was issued, lies piled up in the Bank of England. As to New York City banks, their statement at the end of last week shows a reduction in gold and greenbacks of nearly $2,400,000, the result of the excess of gold exports over the inflow of interior currency. Loans declined over a quarter of a million, and deposits almost four millions. A further decrease in the surplus reserve brings it down to $77,601,700. For the past week, according to "Bradstreet's," the failures in the United States were 237 in number, as against 186 for the preceding week, and 247 in the corresponding week of 1893.

French Finances

Matters in France seem to have been brightened a bit by the extraordinary success of the city of Paris loan, which was for the nominal amount of 200,000,000 francs ($40,000,000) in bonds of 400 francs each ($80). Nearly 3 per cent. was assured to the investor by the issue rate of 340 francs. The loan was covered over ninety times. The Bank of France's private deposits increased $100,000,000 because of this transaction, but the money was speedily lent out again. The loan's great popular attraction was a system of drawings with prizes, one of 100,000 francs, one of 50,000, two of 10,000, and thirty of 1,000 francs. The next most important event in recent French finances has been the discussion of the Budget. The deficit was nearly $23,000,000 on the first account presented. A reduction of one-half in this was quickly made by the application of those funds gained in converting the 4½ into 3½ per cent. bonds. For reducing the rest there has been an imposition of new taxes, an increase of old ones, and a grateful substitution of a house and servants tax in place of the existing duties on windows, doors, and furniture. This last interesting change was commented on last week in our editorial columns (page 857). The withdrawal of the Italian small silver coins from circulation in France may make some speedy action necessary to provide for subsidiary coin. To that end certain Paris newspapers are urging the Department of Finance to melt down some of the present overwhelming supply of five-franc pieces.

Weather and Anthracite Coal

One of the many seeming anomalies of 1893 was that the consumption of anthracite coal was larger than ever before. At all events, figures show that the shipments to market aggregated over 43,000,000 tons, being the largest amount ever sent in a single year. One does not have to seek for an explanation, however, when the exceptionally cold winter and spring are recalled. In consequence, the leading carrying companies made unusually good earnings. During the twelve months the Lehigh Navigation Company increased its dividend from 5½ to 6 per cent. The Central of New Jersey, the Lackawanna, and the Delaware and Hudson Companies paid 7 per cent., and are said to have earned much more. To be sure, the Lehigh Valley passed its autumn dividend, but this was entirely due to the strike on its line, and not to the state of trade. In the percentages of shipments, the highest place as carrier belongs to the Reading Company; then come the Lehigh Valley, the Lackawanna, Central of New Jersey, Delaware and Hudson, Pennsylvania, and Erie Railways. Prices at tide-water, too, averaged more last year than for a long time. This year, however, the winter has been a mild one, and consequently the anthracite roads seem to be sustaining especially heavy losses. For 1894's first quarter, the Reading, Erie, Central of New Jersey, Lackawanna, Delaware and Hudson, Ontario and Western, and the Susquehanna roads aggregated, according to the "Chronicle," only a little over $20,000,000 gross earnings—a decrease of $6,000,000 from the corresponding quarter of 1893, while the net earnings were only $4,500,000 as against nearly $6,700,000 last year. That journal declares that if the full results of the Lehigh Valley and other roads were included in this report, the showing, at least as far as the aggregate amount of loss is concerned, would, without a doubt, be still more unfavorable than now appears. As it is, there is a decrease of nearly 23 per cent. in gross, and of nearly 33 per cent. in net, earnings. The shipments up to May 1 have been only about 10,000,000 tons, as against about 13,000,000 for the corresponding four months last year. Thus the trade has suffered from two causes, either of which would be a hard enough blow; namely, the mild weather and the general industrial depression. But at last the tide has turned, for a short time, anyway. The bituminous coal-miners and merchants are now taking their turn at hardships, and the strike will at least temporarily help the anthracite people. It would be an ill wind that blew nobody good. For the first time this year, the shipments for the week ending May 5 recorded an increase over 1893—namely, of 72,000 tons; while for the week ending May 19 the increase was 114,000 tons. It is gratifying to add that all of the anthracite regions share in this passing revival.

FINANCIAL

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On Top of Mount Ararat

"Mount Ararat has two tops, a few hundred yards apart, sloping on the eastern and western extremities into rather prominent abutments, and separated by a snow valley, or depression, from 50 to 100 feet in depth." Thus, in the "Century" for June, write Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben, the two young Americans who made a bicycle tour round the world.

"The eastern top, on which we were standing, was quite extensive, and 30 to 40 feet lower than its western neighbor. Both tops are hummocks on the huge dome of Ararat, like the humps on the back of a camel, on neither one of which is there a vestige of anything but snow.

"There remained just as little trace of the crosses left by Parrot and Chodzko as of the ark itself. We remembered the pictures we had seen in our nursery-books, which represented this mountain-top covered with green grass, and Noah stepping out of the ark, in the bright, warm sunshine, before the receding waves; and now we looked around and saw this very spot covered with perpetual snow. Nor did we see any evidence whatever of a former existing crater, except perhaps the snow-filled depression we have just mentioned. There was nothing about this perpetual snow-field, and the freezing atmosphere that was chilling us to the bone, to remind us that we were on the top of an extinct volcano that once trembled with the convulsions of subterranean heat.

"The view from this towering height was immeasurably extensive, and almost too grand. All detail was lost—all color, all outline; even the surrounding mountains seemed to be but excrescent ridges of the plain. Then, too, we could catch only occasional glimpses, as the clouds shifted to and fro. At one time they opened up beneath us, and revealed the Aras valley with its glittering ribbon of silver at an abysmal depth below. Now and then we could descry the black volcanic peaks of Ali Ghez forty miles away to the northwest, and on the southwest the low mountains that obscured the town of Bayazid. Of the Caucasus, the mountains about Erzerum on the west, and Lake Van on the south, and even of the Caspian Sea, all of which are said to be in Ararat's horizon, we could see absolutely nothing."

Half a Century of the Telegraph

The facts brought out on the fiftieth anniversary of telegraphy, which was recently celebrated in New York, are very interesting to the student of material and social progress. It was on the day of the great Whig Convention at Baltimore that the first message was transmitted in this country that was to demonstrate the utility of telegraphy and relieve Professor Morse of the stigma of being "crazy." His wire between Baltimore and Washington announced the nomination of Clay and Frelinghuysen an hour before the train reached the Capital. Since then the figures of telegraphy have grown amazingly, and never so rapidly as at present. As late as 1860 one operator sent all the newspaper dispatches from Chicago announcing the nomination of Lincoln. It took 125 operators to furnish the telegraphic news of Cleveland's nomination at Chicago. Even down to 1880 only 50 newspapers received special telegrams. Now there are 600 that have special service. A single establishment in this country has 800,000 miles of wire in operation, and 23,000 offices, and last year sent 70,000,000 messages.

There are now in the world about 2,000,000 miles of telegraph wire in operation, and in addition to the telegraph lines there are nearly 150,000 miles of nautical cables, over which the Morse system is used. The newspaper and press associations, which in 1880 received but 28,000,000 words, now consume nearly 1,800,000,000 words in supplying the public with news and reading matter. What all this signifies in behalf of public enlightenment and commerce almost surpasses comprehension. It enables one to enjoy two lives in one. It has added tenfold value to the art of printing, and has increased the National wealth enormously. Yet orthodox science and the business world were so sure that Professor Morse was "crazy" that he was ashamed to conduct the first public experiments in person, lest he should be hooted out of confidence. What a lesson on charity and the folly of snap judgments!—*Boston Globe.*

"Things That Are Not So"

The Rambler (of the "National Baptist") has perused with interest and reverence the series of massive articles appearing from the pen of one whom it would almost be presumption for the Rambler to name, upon "What We Don't Know." If the Rambler were gifted by nature with much more effrontery than is the case, if he might dare to rush where angels fear to tread, if he were on terms of familiar intercourse with the lofty theologian and philosopher whose exalted name he has hereinabove faintly adumbrated, he would venture to ask that he, or some other philosopher of equal acumen (if such were possible), would write another article, or series of articles, upon "Some Things That Are Not So," meaning thereby things which have somehow got themselves a place in history from which it seems impossible to dislodge them. Here, for example, is this matter of the Blue Laws, so called. Of course it has been proved over and over again, absolutely demonstrated, that there never were any Blue Laws; that the whole thing was a lie, top, bottom, and sides, devised as a matter of revenge by the Rev. Dr. Peters, who, having been excluded from the Colony of Connecticut upon the ground of being a Tory, thereupon thought to get even with the infant colony by charging them with passing these utterly absurd laws. There is no more question about it than whether George Washington was the first President of the United States. And yet every now and then some one who ought to know better, some professed historian perhaps, speaks of them as if they were just as genuine as the Revised Statutes of Pennsylvania. Only the other day we came across, in a reputable paper, the statement that "the Blue Laws of Connecticut were so called because they were printed on blue-tinged paper," and then followed some alleged extractions from the laws, as, for example:

"No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic."

"No one shall cross the river on the Sabbath but an authorized clergyman."

"No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or feasting days."

"No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, or jew's-harp."

There are other statements going around, the falsehood of which is not so susceptible of proof as in the case of the Blue Laws, but which rest on absolutely no foundation—such as the assertion, dear to the Anglican mind, that the Apostle Paul first introduced Christianity into Great Britain, and founded, according to the fond fancy of our friends, what is now the Anglican Church; that Chaplain Gano baptized George Washington during the Revolutionary War; that Thomas Jefferson first got the idea of a pure democracy from attending the meeting of a Baptist church (a place which, in the Rambler's humble judgment, Thomas Jefferson was not much inclined to attend, though it is true his somewhat remote descendant, a graduate of the Hampton School for Colored and Indians, whom the Rambler had the pleasure of meeting last spring at Hampton, is a Baptist, but then this cannot be considered *conclusive proof* of the Baptist tendency of her ancestor). In the same category belongs the delightful fairy fiction of Thomas Jefferson and Daniel Webster having a long conversation about the excellence of Sunday-schools, and so on. It is wonderful what a large volume, or series of volumes, might be written by a learned man on "What We Don't Know;" but a volume, or encyclopædia, or library, might be written upon "Things That Are Not So."

The "Evangelist" relates that, when somebody once asked Dr. Philip Schaff how he was able to accomplish so much literary work, he replied, laughingly: "Oh, that's easy. You must get up early, and sit up late, and keep awake all day."

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Charles W. Luck has resigned the pastorate of the First Church of Pocatello, Idaho.

—Charles A. Payne has accepted a call to Berlin, Wis.

—J. W. Norris, of Oxford, Conn., accepts a call to Middletown, N. Y.

—Elmer E. Smiley, formerly of Pilgrim Church, Vancouver, Wash., and one of the "Yale Band," accepts a call to the First Church of Cheyenne, Wyo.

—Norman Plass, of Cleveland, O., accepts a call to the Central Church (Vine Street) of Cincinnati.

—C. M. Cady, lately Professor of English Literature in the Doshisha University, has accepted a call to supply the church at Prescott, Ariz.

—H. P. Hibbard, of Gloucester, Mass., has received a call from the Second Church of Chicopee Falls.

—A. E. Prior was ordained lately at Romeo, Mich.

—G. S. Anderson has become pastor of the church in Bennington, N. H.

—J. W. Arney accepts a call to Plymouth Church, Lansing, Mich.

PRESBYTERIANS

—J. E. Bushnell was installed as pastor of the Phillips Church of New York City on May 28.

—W. G. Trower has accepted a call to the Congregational churches at Brownston and Stewart, Minn., declining a call to the Presbyterian church in Delano.

—J. M. Patterson, of Omaha, Neb., has received a call from the Westminster Church of Detroit, Mich.

—T. H. Cleveland, of Springfield, Mo., has received a call from Duluth, Minn.

—Frank Chandler died recently at Asbury Park, N. J.

OTHER CHURCHES

—Frank W. Bope is to become, on July 1, assistant minister at St. Paul's Church (P. E.), Cincinnati, O.

—Barton W. Johnson, editor of the "Christian Evangelist," died recently at his home in St. Louis, Mo.

—R. H. Gesner has resigned the rectorship of Zion Church (P. E.), Morris, N. Y., and accepted the rectorship of Christ Church, West Haven, Conn.

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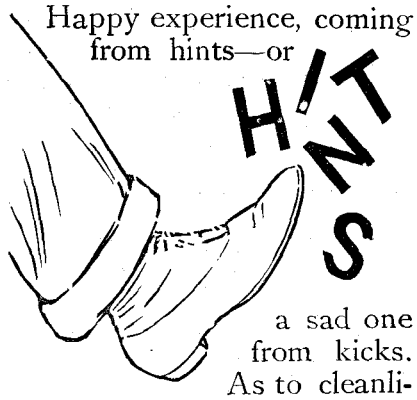
to the healthful feeding of the cows producing the milk received at our condenseries is vitally important. We rigorously prohibit the use of foods not qualified to produce pure, wholesome milk. Hence the superior quality of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

Hints or Kicks? Which?

Happy experience, coming from hints—or



a sad one from kicks. As to cleanliness, if you want the happy experience, take the hints that **Pearline** gives. Use **Pearline** for all kinds of washing and you have ease and economy. Is there a hint in the fact that hundreds of millions of packages of **Pearline** have been used, and the sale increases? If you want sad experience, take the old way with soap, and rubbing and scrubbing. That's hard for you, and for the things that you wash. It's all **rub,rub,rub** 429 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

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New Series of The Christian Union

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Bits of Fun

There's this to say in favor of the cremationists: none of them want the earth.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Syms—Poor Robinson, I'm told, was killed by hard drink. Smyles—Yes, he was struck on the head with a cake of ice.—*Post.*

No smile is so genuine as that of the hen which, perched on the fence, watches the man next door making his spring garden.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Squildig—Do you have any difficulty meeting your bills? McSwilligen—No, indeed; my great difficulty is in avoiding them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Too much self-esteem," said Uncle Eben, "gits ter be comical. Er man is boun' ter 'pear redic'lous ef he tries to pat hisse'f on de back."—*Washington Post.*

Seward—Were you aware that Noah understood all about electricity? Baldwin—No; did he? Seward—Most assuredly; he made the arc light on Ararat.—*Brooklyn Life.*

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind; the other that they haven't any business.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Charlotte—Oh, how slippery these rocks are! Take a good hold of my arm, John, and if I slip hold on like grim death; but if you slip, for goodness' sake let go.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Mamma—Now, Hans, we must all give up something to help the good missionary to convert the heathens. What will you give? Little Hans—Soap, mamma.—*Fliegende Blätter, Munich.*

Gump—I wish a fellow could borrow money as easily as he can borrow trouble. Hump—If you could make money as easily as you can make trouble, you wouldn't need to borrow any.—*Boston Transcript.*

Admiring Acquaintance—Did you bring all these photographs from Europe? Returned Tourist—Yes. "Why, there are hundreds of them. Did you have a camera?" "No. I had a letter of credit."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Do you ever get off jokes at your mother-in-law's expense?" "Yes," humbly confessed the humorist, "in one sense of the phrase, I do. She is supporting me until I succeed in making a living at the business."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Ludgate Hill (London)—Ah, but this is such a flat, ugly country! England has such beautiful scenery of valley, hill, and dale! Mr. Packingham (Chicago)—Yes; if she was only a little nearer we'd float her over to Chicago and make a park of her.—*Puck.*

Magazine Publisher—Are you familiar with literature? For instance, how would you discriminate between poetry and verse? Applicant—If it's in the front part of a magazine it's poetry; if it's in the back part it's verse. Magazine Publisher—You'll do.—*Chicago Record.*

A correspondent at Ryde writes to the English "Church Review" as follows: "A young woman was asked by a friend why she did not now attend a certain church in this town which had been renovated. Her answer was that she 'wouldn't like to encourage such Romanizing tendencies, as now they had erected a "Rearing Horse" (Reredos) there.'"

Saved His Dignity

One of the chief men in the early history of Weston, Mass., was Francis Fullam, commonly known as Squire Fullam. He was Justice of the Peace and one of the pillars of the church, and on Sundays always sat with his eyes fixed upon the minister, as if conscious of being a worthy example to the rest of the congregation.

One Sabbath morning, during Parson Woodward's sermon, an old colored woman in the gallery fell asleep and tumbled off the bench to the floor, making a loud noise.

Squire Fullam, who was rather deaf, knew that something unusual had occurred, and, feeling the dignity of his position as Justice of the Peace, he rose to his feet and called out:

"Stop, reverend sir!"

Mr. Woodward ceased speaking, and the old squire said in stentorian tones:

"If any one has discharged a gun in this meeting-house, let him be brought before me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

Some one explained to him the cause of the disturbance, and he added:

"If what I thought had happened, what I said was right. Proceed, reverend sir."

Thereupon Mr. Woodward resumed his discourse, and the service proceeded as usual.

The Strongest of All

Once upon a time a hare was bounding along over the slippery ice. He ran and bounded, until all at once, puff! he fell and struck himself a hard blow. After he had recovered himself a bit, he said to himself: "I wonder if this ice is very strong?" And he asked the ice: "Say, ice, are you very strong?" "Very strong," said the ice. "If you are so strong, how does the sun melt you? The sun is stronger than you—that's why he melts you." Then he turned to the sun, and said: "Say, sun, are you strong?" "Very strong," said the sun. "If you are so strong, why do you let the clouds cover you? The clouds are stronger than you." Then he turned to the clouds, and asked: "Say, clouds, are you strong?" "Very strong," replied the clouds. "If you are so strong, why do you let the mountains arrest you? The mountains are stronger than you." Then he turned to the mountain, and said: "Say, mountain, are you strong?" "Very strong," replied the mountain. "Indeed!" said the hare; "if you are so strong, why do let the mole dig into you? The mole is stronger than you." Having spoken thus, he turned to the mole, and asked: "Say, mole, are you strong?" "Very strong," replied the mole. "If you are so strong," replied the hare, "why do you let the cat eat you? The cat is stronger than you." Then he turned to the cat, and asked: "Say, cat, are you strong?" "Very strong," replied the cat. Then the hare, not being able to think of anything which got the upper hand of the cat, gave his verdict: "The cat is the strongest of all!"—*Tales of the Wotjaks.*

Not Much Alike

Colonel T. A. Dodge says that Harvey Waters, the inventor and mechanical expert, once distinguished himself by a particularly skillful answer to what was intended to be a particularly hard question on the part of a lawyer who was cross-examining him. Ross Winans had taken out a patent on a truck-car—that is, a passenger-car mounted on two trucks, instead of having the axles running in boxes fixed to the car, as is still the custom in Europe. The truck-car will run on a shorter curve and on a rougher road-bed, and Mr. Winans believed his invention very important and valuable.

The validity of the patent was attacked, and Harvey Waters was called as an expert in Mr. Winans's interest. Mr. William Whiting, the counsel for the opposite party, showed that it had been usual to transport long pieces of merchandise, as well as tree-trunks and lumber, on two small four-wheel cars, to which the ends of the long thing were lashed, and he tried to make Mr. Waters acknowledge that a passenger-car on two trucks was really the same thing as a big log lashed upon two small four-wheel cars.

Mr. Waters could not be brought to the admission, and after a multitude of sharp questions the lawyer said:

"Will you please tell the court, Mr. Waters, wherein consists the difference between a log lashed to two four-wheeled cars and a passenger-car riding on two trucks?"

The venerable expert thought for a moment, and then, running his fingers through his snow-white hair, he answered:

"Mr. Whiting, a log lashed to two trucks is no more a passenger-car riding on two trucks than two men carrying a log between them on their shoulders are a quadruped."

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Breeding Anarchists

The London correspondent of the Birmingham (England) "Post" gives the following account of the horrible debasement of the Parisian populace, as explanatory of the fiendishness of the Anarchists, which would seem to be a natural product of such soil:

"There is a bridge which spans the cemetery of Montmartre. This bridge is constructed of iron, with open balustrades on either side. On Good Friday and during the Easter festivals it was crowded with loafers from every hole and corner of outcast Paris, assembled to enjoy the sport of pelting with mud and filth of every description the mourners in the cemetery below, who came to kneel and mourn at the graves of their relatives deceased since last Easter. A correspondent, who was an eyewitness, describes to me the horror of the scene. The horrible language used towards the poor stricken mourners on Good Friday, the ribald jesting, and the carelessness with which the fetid missiles were thrown upon the graves, the defacement of the tombstones with the bricks and stones flung from this commanding height, the hoarse laughter occasioned by the terror of the women at being thus assailed, and who fled shrieking from the place, throwing the tributes of wreaths and flowers they had brought to honor their beloved dead into the pools of stagnant water left by the masons after their work, rendered the whole scene a more awful vision of the Inferno than ever Dante could have described. It was in vain to appeal for help to the police. They had received no orders to protect the place during the day, their duty beginning only at night and so this same revolting disturbance was maintained throughout the whole afternoon of each day from Friday till Sunday. My informant, an Englishman, declares that the rough populace became so excited at last that he could not help breathing a prayer to heaven that no priest might be induced to pass that way just then, for he would most assuredly have been torn to pieces by the mob. The blasphemous threatenings of the leaders of the disturbance were so shocking that the respectable portion of the spectators who had been drawn by curiosity to the spot soon fled in dismay, leaving the diabolical crew to the enjoyment of a dance—the usual termination of all excitement, whether social or political, in which a Paris mob may be engaged."

Dog Intelligence

The creation of something like a language among our civilized dogs has naturally been accompanied, says Professor Shaler, in "Scribner's Magazine," by the development of an understanding of human speech. Although we cannot attach much importance to the mass of anecdote on this point, there is enough which is well attested, sufficient indeed which has come within the limits of my own observation, to make it clear that dogs, even without deliberate teaching, frequently acquire a tolerably clear understanding of a number of words, and even of short phrases. They will catch these not only when given in distinct command, but when uttered in an ordinary tone without any sign that they relate to their affairs. It is true that these understood words generally relate to some action which the dog is accustomed to perform, yet there are instances, so well attested that they deserve credit, which seem to show that the creatures can get some sense of the drift of conversation even when it is carried on by persons with whom they are not familiar and does not clearly relate to their own affairs.

An extremely human characteristic of our canine friends is shown in their susceptibility to ridicule. Faint traces of this quality are to be found in monkeys, and perhaps even in the more intelligent horses; but nowhere else save in man, and hardly there, except in the more sensitive natures, do we find contempt, expressed in laughter of the kind which conveys that emotion, so keenly and painfully appreciated. With those dogs which are endowed with a large human quality, such as our various breeds of hounds, it is possible by laughing in their faces not only to quell their rage, but to drive them to a distance. They seem in a way to be put to shame, and at the same time hopelessly puzzled as to the nature of their predicament. In this connection we may note the very human feature that after you have cowed a dog by insistent laughter you can never hope to make friends with him.

Hold Thou My Hands

By William Canton

Hold Thou my hands!
In grief and joy, in hope and fear,
Lord, let me feel that Thou art near,—
Hold Thou my hands!

If e'er by doubts
Of Thy good fatherhood depressed,
I cannot find in Thee my rest,
Hold Thou my hands!

Hold Thou my hands—
These passionate hands too quick to smite,
These hands so eager for delight,—
Hold Thou my hands!

And when at length,
With darkened eyes and fingers cold,
I seek some last loved hand to hold,
Hold Thou my hands!

—*New York Tribune.*

A Dry Road

Stories and incidents concerning the career of the late A. J. Gambill multiply, says the San Francisco "Call," now that he has passed away. There is one amusing incident of his early life when he was driving stage in Tennessee, and which was characteristic of the man, that will bear relation. There had been a damaging storm, and many of the roads on his stage route were badly broken up, and in some places carried away. On one of his trips he reached a bad spot in a corduroy road, and his leaders came to a dead halt. The stage was late, and the passengers were anxious to get through. Jack put his whip in the socket and calmly took in the situation.

"Jack! Jack!" the passengers called to him, impatiently, "what are you going to do? How are we to get through?"

"Hold your jaw," replied the irritated driver, "and get out yer, a couple of you fellows, and take the leaders' heads."

Jack descended from his seat and looked in vain for any means to fill the break.

Suddenly a bright idea struck him. He was loaded down with public documents, a ton or more, and without more ado he seized this freight and threw bag after bag into the chasm, till he made a passable roadway, and the horses and stage were led over safely.

"I don't know," he used to remark, when telling of this incident, "how the constituents of the Congressmen got along without their documents, but I do know that the stuff made the best piece of road on the corduroy for some time. They were well distributed, too, after a while, for when the water rose higher most of the documents floated down the creek, and the voters who lived in the bottoms had free reading for quite a while. It wasn't as dry, either, as such documents usually are," Jack used to add with a chuckle; "the creek attended to that."

Woman's Opinion

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Furnished house for July and August. All conveniences. Desirable locality, near Yale University; conveniently accessible to city, shore, and country. References given and required. Address "Outlook," 713 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

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A YOUNG LADY, a trained kindergartner, wishes a position as kindergarten governess for the summer months (from June 15th). Best references. Address A. C. C., 478 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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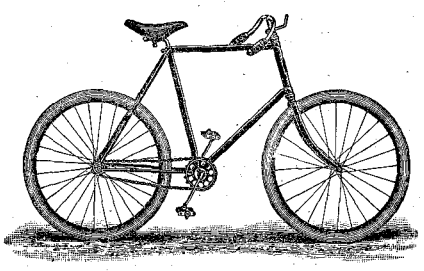

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